

Oct. 19–Nov. 1, 2015: **The Glorious, Accidental Mets / Biden's Passive-Aggressive Campaign / How to Write Like Aaron Sorkin**

PLUS:
Winter
Travel,
Nightlife
Edition
p.68

NEW YORK

SEX ON CAMPUS

THE POLITICS OF HOOKUPS, GENDERS, "YES."

Darcy and Leor are in their first year at Bard College. Since Leor identifies as genderqueer, Darcy wonders if she is correct to call herself straight.
Photograph by Lula Hyers, Bard class of 2019.





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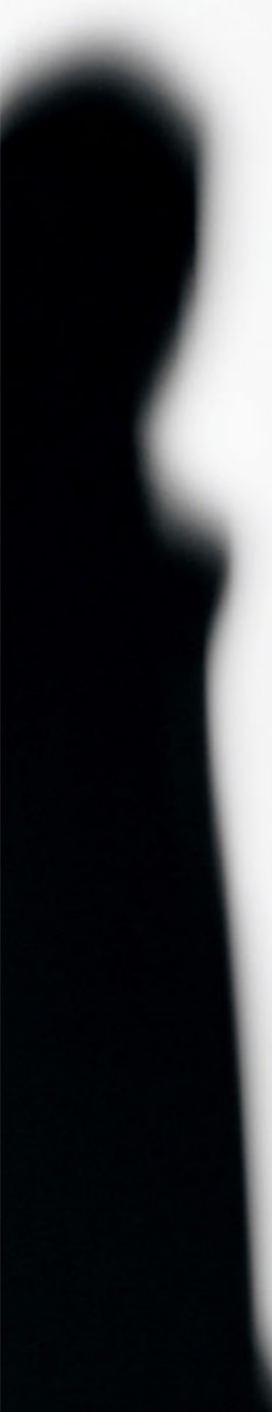
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ON THE COVER

Darcy and Leor

Photograph by

LULA HYERS

Bard class of 2019

DARCY: We met the first week of orientation, which was like two months ago. We went from friends to really good friends to very good friends but also with a physical relationship.

LEOR: I “liked” her, in a romantic way, I guess. We think in a similar way. And we tell a lot of jokes.

DARCY: I used to consider myself straight, but since Leor is nonbinary, I’ve been

thinking about that more. Like, using the correct pronouns is obviously very important. And little things, like you don’t want to say “You look so handsome today” because it implies male gender.

LEOR: I mostly slept with people who identified as women because, I don’t know, I think high school’s a really hard time to be queer. People associate being nonbinary with, if you have male “parts,” that you would be attracted

to more masculine people. But I think I’m attracted to all people. We don’t have sex. It’s more like kissing and cuddling and hanging out.

DARCY: We consider ourselves to be exclusive, but we haven’t put any label to the relationship yet, we haven’t defined it. They [Leor] are a very monogamous person, so I feel comfortable with that. It is definitely nice to have somebody that I feel safe with.

The Sex Lives of College Students

An on-the-ground survey of what it means to be young and in lust (or asexual or aromantic) in 2015, including: The unfixability of **hookup culture** (p. 26); the **complex linguistics** of the campus queer movement (p. 34); lonely and not-so-lonely **virgins** (p. 40); Sally Quinn on what it **used to be like at Smith** (p. 46); and Rebecca Traister on what campus **feminists should be focusing** on instead of just consent (p. 48).

Plus: A cam girl, a D-1 athlete, a couple who still roomed together after the breakup, a round robin of friendly entanglement, Grace and her girlfriend Grace, two friends experimenting with bondage, Tinder in the dorms, and an 784-student poll. *All photography by students.*

NEW YORK

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Comments



1 “When much of New York was sleazy and dangerous, nowhere seemed sleazier or more dangerous than 42nd Street. And when Times Square came to feel too touristy, it mirrored a parallel worry that New York itself was losing some of its intrinsic grit,” wrote Adam Sternbergh in his cover story on the area’s “new phase—perhaps the strangest, most inscrutable one yet” (“**Live Nude Girls,**” **October 5–18**). The story prompted a discussion among readers about which version of Times Square—and, by extension, the city—they liked best. **“Anyone who says they prefer the Times Square of the late ’70s and early ’80s over what is in there now certainly never visited it before,”** wrote doctordave77. “I used to walk through the Square every evening on my way back to Penn Station. As I approached 47th and Broadway, I had to adopt my tough, aggressive, ‘don’t you dare bother me’ walk and attitude. Anything less would invite attention by the lowlife denizens who inhabited the neighborhood. Hookers, pimps, muggers looking for a weak victim, vagrants encased in their cardboard boxes, and anything other than a police officer. It was horrible, scary, and an eyesore.” “I agree,” responded Canaduh. “I first knew Times Square in the early ’80s, and even though I was a bit of a downtown-type punk I felt wary walking through it in the middle of the night.” Readers also responded to the cover, which spoofed the classic Times Square kiss photo from V-J Day, with Elmo smooching a lightly clad woman covered in body paint. “@NYMag is the only publication I still get in hard copy ... partly for covers like this,” tweeted Kelly L. Davis, “#nailedit.” Many readers couldn’t resist a joke. “How did New York Mag find out

my exact fetish,” tweeted *The Late Show With Stephen Colbert* writer Daniel Kibblesmith. **“My 5 year old son had a lot of positive feelings about your cover that features both ELMO and a BUTTCRACK,”** tweeted actress Rachel Dratch. “Perfect Venn diagram for boys.”

2 In her story on how African-Americans view Obama’s racial-justice legacy, Jennifer Senior wrote that many feel in exchange for his historic achievement as the first black president, “the price that Obama has had to pay, and, more important, that African-Americans have had to pay, is one of caution, moderation, and at times compromised policies: The first black president could do only so much, and say only so much, on behalf of other African-Americans” (“**The Paradox of the First Black President,**” **October 5–18**). The media mogul Rupert Murdoch set off a storm after reading the story and tweeting: “Ben and Candy Carson terrific. What about a real black President who can properly address the racial divide? And much else.” He continued: “Read New York Magazine for minority community disappointment with POTUS.” **“I am thrilled to learn Rupert Murdoch was appointed the guy in charge of deciding who the ‘real black’ people are,”** tweeted MSNBC political analyst Joan Walsh. “Can you please regularly advise black Americans on which of them is ‘real’ so they’ll be free of doubt?” asked Harry Shearer. Senior herself responded, writing: “He didn’t read the story. (A) If he did, and that’s the conclusion he drew, Heaven help us all. (B) That tweet was part of an extended series, which, when read together, makes up a love sonnet to Ben Carson.” Vox’s Dara Lind agreed that Murdoch missed the point of the article

entirely. “What Murdoch actually did was insert himself into a debate within black America about whether Barack Obama has done enough for black people as president ... **Murdoch might be straight-up trolling; he doesn’t want any president to do what Obama’s critics are asking for.** But if he truly believes Carson would be a better choice for Obama’s critics, he doesn’t understand the debate he’s waded into at all.” Plus, Lind added, “the policies the *New York Magazine* piece faults Obama for not doing more on—voting rights, policing—are issues where Carson is much less willing to admit there’s a problem.” Readers also weighed in on Obama’s record helping the black community. “His 8 years eviscerated black progress—took us backwards,” tweeted Charles V. Payne. Others felt that Obama did a lot of good for black Americans, especially given what he was up against. **“The average African-American understands the difficult road President Obama has to tread being the first Black President,”** wrote commenter Mollie100. “Look at how the media reacted when he said the cops acted stupidly when they arrested Dr. Gates in his own house—they (the media) literally turned it into a racial crisis. Look at the negative throwback when he said Trayvon Martin could have been his son ... African Americans have benefited from his policies: healthcare reform, education initiatives to improve failing schools, financial support to black colleges, taking on racist policies in the criminal justice system, ‘My Brother’s Keeper’ initiative ... Pres. Obama can’t cure the racial disparities in this country by himself, but the notion that he’s done nothing for Blacks is a fallacy.”

➔ Send correspondence to comments@nymag.com. Or go to nymag.com to respond to individual stories.

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Games: Will Leitch

The Post-Doom-and-Gloom Mets Is a World Series appearance actually possible? On to Chicago!

OVER THE LAST TWO INNINGS of the Mets' tense, one-run standoff with the Dodgers in the elimination game of the Division Series, Mets fans felt The Fear. The Fear is always there for playoff games, of course; their win-or-face-a-long-cold-winter-of-the-Knicks finality is what makes playoffs appealing. But for the Mets, in 2015, The Fear felt more acute. Even for Mets fans, whose fandom is founded in fully expecting the worst fates to befall them (while, still, of course, finding a way to Gotta Believe), The Fear was unusually powerful. The Mets held a 3-2 lead in the seventh inning when manager Terry Collins tempted fate by bringing in game-two starter Noah Syndergaard, who'd never appeared out of the bullpen before. Then he brought in Jeurys Familia for the first six-out save of his career. Mets Nation gasped. They sensed doom. And doom this year would be the worst of all.

This makes sense. Because this year has always felt more urgent.

The Mets might be the best story going in sports right now, but it is important to remember that this glorious season has been an

accident. Sure, general manager Sandy Alderson, under-rated his whole career, has cobbled together this team with real talent, most obviously the rotation. (Author Steve Kettmann published a biography of Alderson in the spring called *Baseball Maverick: How Sandy Alderson Revolutionized Baseball and Revived the Mets* that he was widely mocked for, including by me. Whoops.) There have been heroes (Yoenis Céspedes), heroic comebacks (David Wright), folk heroes (Wilmer Flores), comic relief (Bartolo Colón), and even comic-book heroes (Syndergaard's Thor and Matt Harvey's Batman). This season has been a blast.

But this was not a division-winning-caliber team for two-thirds of the year for the same reason the Mets hadn't been that team for years: Bernie Madoff. As much as Fred Wilpon and the Mets have attempted to claim otherwise, the money woes that befell them in 2008 were just as restrictive this season as they've been any other since then. As Capital New York's Howard Medgal, the most definitive journalistic voice on Mets finances, has pointed out, the Mets' holding company is financing north of \$700 million in debt against both the Mets and SNY, the team's cable network—on top of two \$22 million payments every year to pay for Citi Field, all out of team revenues.

The last few seasons, it hasn't been the worst thing that the Mets didn't have money to spend, because the Mets weren't going to contend anyway; trying to bring in expensive aging free agents to provide peripheral, inadequate aid for a patchwork, rebuilding roster would have been the type of mistake that always got the Mets in trouble in the first place. (The type of mistake that leads you to pay Bobby Bonilla for 25 years—they're still doing that, by the way.)

But this year, the Mets actually needed reinforcements. Because Alderson had done such a fine job building the rotation, and because the Nationals, expected to be so dominant, had started so wobbly, Mets fans smelled opportunity. Any team in baseball would salivate at a rotation of Jacob deGrom, Harvey, Syndergaard, and Steven Matz, but the Mets didn't have the bats to support them. Here was this rotation, peaking, a cosmic confluence resulting in a rare opportunity, and the Wilpons were twiddling their thumbs. They had to, given those debt payments.

Then two things happened that changed everything, things entirely out of the Mets' control, things that, in any other context, would be considered awful. The first was the injury to star third baseman David Wright. The Mets missed Wright's bat for most of the year, but they were able to collect 75 percent insurance on his \$20 million contract because he missed 60 days this season. And they saved \$2.39 million more when closer Jenrry Mejía was suspended for PED use. The Mets could not increase payroll, but they could use the funds that fell in their lap for this specific 2015 season. (It's why the Carlos Gómez trade—the one that made Wilmer Flores cry—fell through; the Brewers wanted 2016 payroll help, and the Mets couldn't take on more payroll past this season.) Alderson used the money in small ways—acquiring depth in Juan Uribe, Kelly Johnson, Tyler Clippard, and Addison Reed—and one big one, adding Céspedes, who promptly came in and turned into Babe Ruth at the exact moment the Mets most needed him ... and the exact moment the Nationals were imploding. The next thing you knew, the Mets had taken over first place in the NL East, and they never let it go. Citi Field, at last, came to life. This is what Mets fans had been so desperate for.

This has led to an almost miraculous, for-the-grace-of-

God-go-we feeling of giddy recklessness to this season, as if the kismet of 2015 is a delicate snowflake that could dissolve at any second. And it led to downright terror in that eighth inning. If Familia—replacing Syndergaard, who had looked so dominant in his one inning—couldn't shut this down, against a Dodgers team whose payroll well more than doubled the Mets', it could be a long time until the Mets were back here again. The Fear seeped in through your skin. To follow Mets fans on Twitter was to think the Mets were down ten runs rather than up by one.

But Familia came through. He looked as dominant as he had all season, and before you knew it, he had struck out Howie Kendrick on three pitches and was leaping off the mound and being attacked by catcher Travis d'Arnaud and the announcers were screaming and there was Champagne and beer everywhere. The Mets had just won their first postseason series in more than eight seasons. This opportunity had not been wasted, and the Mets now have one more obstacle in the way of the World Series, with a franchise fan base perhaps even more tortured: the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs appear fundamentally stronger as an organization than the Mets: Buoyed by new development in Wrigleyville, the Cubs bring financial muscle to a team with a powerful offensive core in place, with Anthony Rizzo, Kris Bryant, Jorge Soler, Kyle Schwarber, and Javier Báez as a young home-run-hitting counterpart to the Mets' flame-throwing rotation. They're not going away anytime soon.

As the Orange County *Register's* Pedro Moura wrote in his post-NLDS Dodger elegy, randomness rules baseball—according to one measure, you need a 23-game series to reliably advance a significantly better team, and 269 games to reliably advance an only slightly better team. That means that even the first two games of this series aren't a very good guide of the ones to come. But right now, the Mets still seem the stronger team. In every game that doesn't feature Jake Arrieta, they have the better pitcher—and they'll probably only have to face Arrieta once more. And let's not forget: They have home-field advantage at a Citi Field that has, in these playoffs, felt more like the Roman Colosseum.

The bigger picture might be less rosy. Céspedes is about to be a highly sought-after free agent by teams that don't need their closers to get busted for PEDs to free up payroll. Game-five hero Daniel Murphy is a free agent as well. The Matt Harvey situation was hastily settled at the end of the season but is destined to bubble up again, particularly with agent Scott Boras; many observers already believe he'll be traded before he becomes a free agent in 2019. The Mets do have some offensive reinforcements coming, starting with rookie left-fielder Michael Conforto, already menacing at the plate, and including top prospects Dilson Herrera, Gavin Cecchini, and Brandon Nimmo. But you never really know with prospects. And while they'll have a rotation stocked with those young stud pitchers for a few more years, those guys are still pitchers, after all; the one inherent fact about pitchers is that, eventually, they will get hurt—power pitchers first. Just ask Zack Wheeler. Or Matt Harvey.

This is why The Fear, even if briefly assuaged in the NLDS, will be all the more powerful against the Cubs. But it's also all the more reason to celebrate what is happening in Queens. It's proof that this season is truly special. It took an absurd number of coincidences to get to this point, but that doesn't matter now. All that matters is that the Mets are here. They have stared down The Fear. And they might just do something amazing. ■

World Series droughts

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102 MINUTES WITH ...

Michael Dukakis

Talking Hillary and Trump with a man who learned the hard way that politics sometimes means dealing with trash.

BY MARIN COGAN

MICHAEL DUKAKIS IS hunched over in his office in the Renaissance Park Building in Boston, rummaging through cardboard boxes on the floor. The political-science department at Northeastern University has just moved in, and Dukakis is still dealing with the upheaval. “For God’s sake, it’s sitting here!” he says, suddenly straightening up. Next to the window is the coatrack he’s been looking for. “God, I’m unconscious,” he chuckles, hanging his jacket up and taking a seat.

At 81, Dukakis looks pretty much the same as he did 27 years ago, when he lost a presidential race in such epic fashion that moments of the campaign have become political shorthand (“Dukakis in a tank,” “Willie Horton ad”). He has the same slight figure, the same owlish eyebrows, though the hair is more salt than pepper now. Because Dukakis has been depicted, uncharitably, as a naïve weenie—or, if you take the charitable view, as a man who tried to run his campaign honorably and instead got kneecapped by Lee Atwater and the Bush campaign—I expected to find him in a solemn place, reflecting on what he could have done better, as the 2016 campaign rolled out.

But that was all wrong. There is the public image of Dukakis as part bloodless technocrat, part lovable old grump, the guy recently spotted in a Boston train station gathering up litter (a couple of years back, he told a Twitter user who spotted him tidying that “I pick up everything but used condoms”). And there is the warm, excitable man sitting in front of me, who still loves politics, maybe now more than ever, and is itching to get in the fight on behalf of Hillary Clinton.

“This stuff about Hillary’s email is absurd,” he says. “There isn’t a person in Washington that doesn’t have a private email and a private cell phone and use it all the time, because that’s the way I get ahold of them!” A week earlier, Dukakis was on CNN and decided he couldn’t hold his tongue anymore. “I said, ‘This stuff about Hillary’s email is the biggest load of baloney I’ve ever seen.’” He isn’t sure whether the

Clinton camp saw his remarks or whether they liked them. But he knows something about the dangers of not responding to your opponent, and he wants to share it. “My concern at this point is that Hillary and her folks have not mounted more of an effective offense on this thing. Why not get a bunch of us who have experienced presidential campaigns—and some former colleagues in the Senate who have a lot of respect for her—and let us go at these guys and just say, ‘This is the biggest load of crap?’ It won’t die unless you kill it, you know? And it’s up to the attackee to do that. We didn’t do it. Kerry didn’t do it. Given what happened to me ... as you can imagine, I’m rather sensitive to these kinds of attacks,” he says.

Dukakis is surprisingly clear-eyed about what went wrong in 1988. “I mean, look: I blew that election,” he says matter-of-factly. “It was very winnable, and I made two big mistakes. First, I spent too much time talking to folks who I thought knew more about winning the presidency than I did, all of whom pooh-poohed the idea of precinct-based, grassroots organizing. Now, I got elected around here three times because I knocked on every door, and I’m really kind of a fanatic about it. It took Barack Obama not once but twice to prove to us that [it’s] just as effective on the presidential level.”

“The second thing was that I made this decision—which in retrospect turned out to be one of the dumbest decisions I’ve ever made—that I was not going to respond to the Bush attack campaign,” Dukakis says he thought people were tired of the politics of conflict, so much so that they’d be willing to ignore the salvos from the right. Atwater would later make a deathbed apology to Dukakis for what he called the “naked cruelty” of the Bush campaign’s attacks on him. “It was nice of him,” says Dukakis, “but if you know anything about Atwater ...” His response is essentially “Thanks for the apology, but we didn’t do what we should have done.”

If Dukakis isn’t too worried about Hillary’s chances, it’s thanks in part to her competition. He’s enjoying the way Donald Trump is exposing the rift between GOP voters and

the party’s political elite. “Since he hasn’t mortgaged his soul to one of the seven billionaires that finance these campaigns, he’s free to say things that the rest of them won’t. Like, for example, that carried interest is nothing but income and should be taxed.” He jumps into a Trump impression: “*‘And don’t you worry, I’ll take care of these hedge-fund guys!’* And then you get Jeb Bush saying the same thing, which is remarkable.”

He had a chance to debate Jeb in 1996, during the second Bill Clinton campaign. “I grew up in Massachusetts with a lot of moderate Republicans, strongly pro-civil rights and civil liberties. I guess I just assumed that—” He pauses. “I was just astonished when I found out how conservative the guy was.” He is bemused by Ben Carson (“He’s an African-American, for God’s sake, who says that Muslims should be disqualified from being president! Of all people!”) and Marco Rubio (“A majority of Cuban-Americans voted Democratic in the last election, which tells you something, and more power to them. The young Cuban-Americans I know all think the embargo ought to be lifted. They love going back”).

Dukakis may not be campaigning these days, but he’s heavily involved in state and international issues. His wife, Kitty, has become an important advocate for the electroconvulsive therapy that saved her from crippling depression—“Kitty would not be here today without it,” Dukakis says—and he’s taken on a supporting role in that work.

And there are other connections as well. Kitty’s ex-husband’s son, Jason Chafetz, is running for Speaker of the House. Dukakis’s foe in the ’88 primary, a guy who flamed out in a plagiarism scandal, is weighing whether to run again. Dukakis says he’s impressed with Joe Biden: When he went to the White House with a bunch of Greek-Americans to talk about the euro crisis, Biden, he says, was “extremely knowledgeable on the issues. He really had a clear sense of what we might be able to do. People say, ‘Well, he tends to talk a lot on his own,’ but that’s him. He’s not a fake.”

Still, he’s a Hillary supporter, and not in a provisional way. Earlier this year, someone put up a website trying to draft Dukakis himself into the 2016 race. At the mention of it, Dukakis bursts out laughing. “Ridiculous! Look,” he says, “I’m 81. I feel like a million bucks—my mother lived to 100. We’ve had a fabulous life, Kitty and I, with one exception: We didn’t go to the White House. But we’ve got three fabulous kids, eight grandkids. One run is about it. We’ve had a few situations where people have had a second chance, but those have turned out pretty badly, for the most part. So I’m not running again. What could be better than this?” ■



Real Estate: The Last Two Burial Plots For Sale in Manhattan

Great location. Very quiet. No view.

IT WAS A SUNDAY, open-gate day at the New York Marble Cemetery, a small burial ground in the East Village made up of 156 underground vaults. Caroline DuBois, president of the board and future occupant of vault No. 54, sat on a bench under two multicolored umbrellas. Brochures and a donation jar sat on a table in front of her. “I think it would be the perfect gift for a hedge-fund billionaire to give his sweetheart,” she said.

She was referring to the family vaults she is set on selling, each built to fit a dozen or so decedents. (Or more: Each generation gains some space as the previous ones turn to dust.) They are the last two inground burial plots openly available in Manhattan. (Trinity Church’s uptown cemetery has a few spots reserved for VIPs, but they are not freely sold.) For the privilege of remaining dead on the island where so many want to live, the trustees ask \$350,000 per vault. “When you only have two, why give them away?” asked Robert Breck Denny, a trustee and a likely resident of No. 38, who was sitting near DuBois. To come up with their price, the trustees researched the cost of comparable grave sites—“in San Francisco, in Hong Kong, in Paris”—and “basically, did a market analysis.” The monthly open-gate day is one way they hope to find buyers.

“It was originally \$250 to buy a vault” when the cemetery opened in 1830, Denny said. “I think it was the same amount to buy a good car.”

“A good saddle horse,” corrected DuBois. “It was also the wages of a servant for one whole year, or five acres on Long Island.”

“But anyhow,” said Denny, “the people who bought them were pretty well fixed.”



No. 43: Your name here?

At noon, curious passersby began to trickle in. Unlike most cemeteries, this one has no visible gravestones, just a lawn. The vaults are underground, in rows, marked with plaques set into the surrounding walls. A few of them display familiar names: Scribner, Auchincloss, Van Wyck. A visitor named John Tymkiw, wearing headphones, stepped up to the table and reached for a brochure. “Are people still buried here?” he asked.

“Oh, yeah. You are standing on top of underground rooms,” said DuBois, gesturing toward the grass.

“Whoa!” said Tymkiw.

DuBois had decided not to bring up the vault sale with everyone. “It’s not my marketing strategy,” she explained as Tymkiw wandered out. “We are subtle; I don’t have to tell everybody in the world.”

“We are looking for someone with strong ties to New York,” Denny added.

“And an upward-mobility checkbook,” said DuBois.

As they fielded questions—“Are people buried in the walls?” “Are there ghosts?”—Laura Nicholson (vault No. 4), who was trimming some hedges, came over to chat. “I have someone in mind who made a fortune in the investment business,” she said.

“And you didn’t bring him today?” DuBois asked. “What’s wrong with you?!”

“I should, but I know he’s not the age where he wants to think about this stuff.”

“But it’s not just about him,” said DuBois. “What happens if his child gets the chicken pox, you know?”

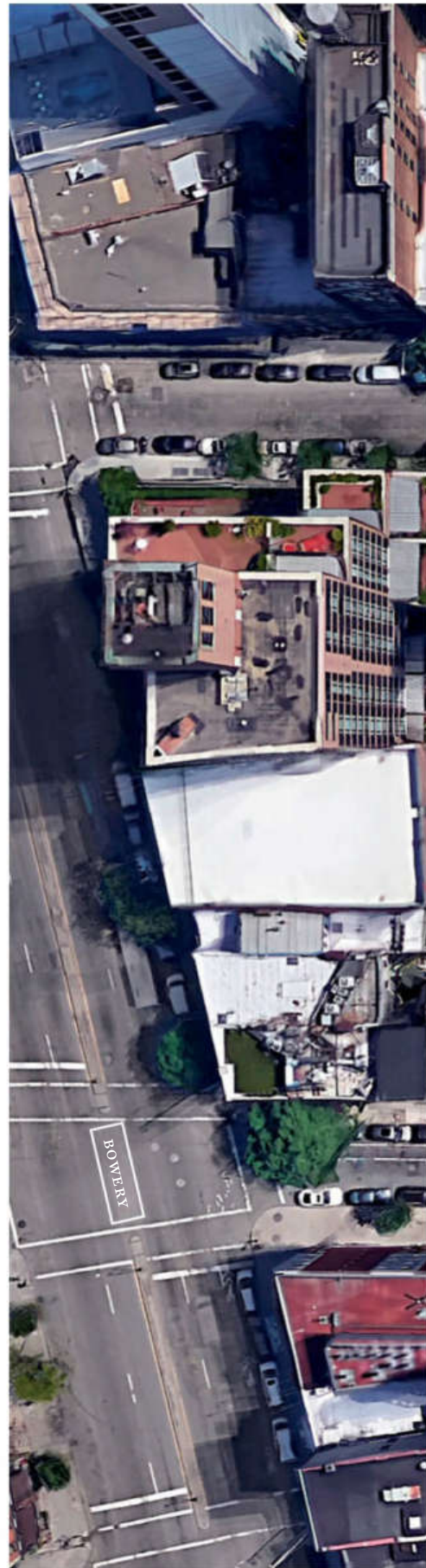
“Chicken pox ain’t gonna kill you anymore!” said Denny, laughing.

“Dammit,” said DuBois, who, as trustee, spends a lot of time looking at 19th-century records. “You know what I’m saying, though. You have to be prepared.”

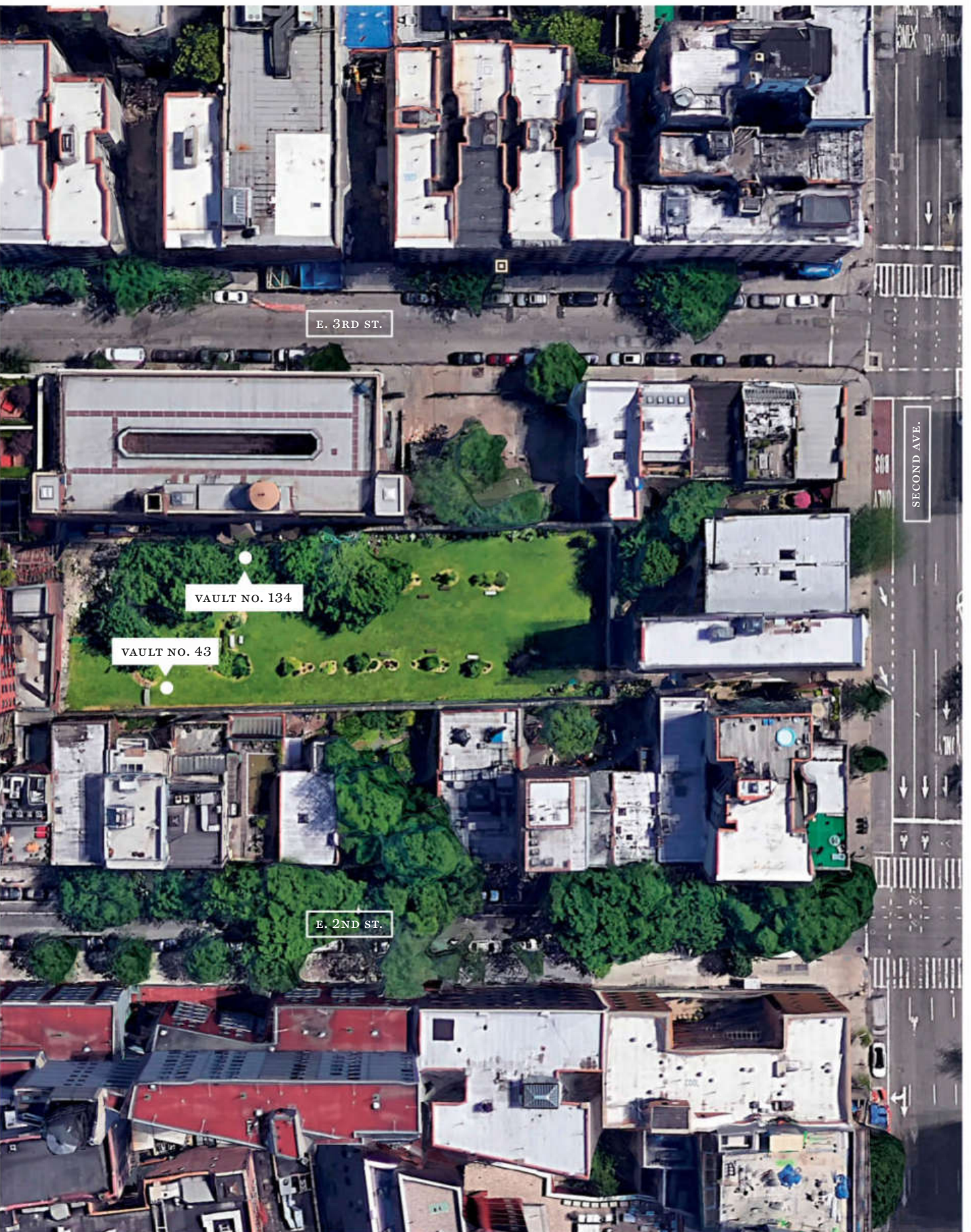
After a few hours, it became clear that the day would not yield a sale. “It’s going to be a long process,” DuBois said, under-terred. “We have a vision for this.”

“I think,” said Nicholson, taking off her gardening gloves, “you have more of an eternal philosophy.” By 4 p.m., they were ready to lock up. “This is always the hard part,” said DuBois. “Getting everyone out.”

MARA ALTMAN



PHOTOGRAPH: GOOGLE EARTH PRO





Power: Gabriel Sherman

We Are Already Months Into the Biden Campaign
The only question he's been mulling is how aggressive he should be.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE DAY AFTER the first Democratic presidential debate, almost the entire political and media Establishment was in agreement: Hillary Clinton had delivered a command performance, elevating her candidacy above the swamp of character concerns prompted by months of pseudo-scandal and political incompetence surrounding her email account. She had, it was widely acknowledged, dominated the stage and reassured anxious Democrats that she had the political skill to win. But at least one Democrat had a different reaction. “We woke up this morning, had our coffee, and went to work talking about Joe Biden and why his voice should be in the race,” said Josh Alcorn, a senior adviser to the Draft Biden super-PAC.

Joe Biden is running for president—a fact that has been obvious, and true, for weeks. (And may have been confirmed by the vice-president by the time you read this.) He spent the week continuing to phone key Democrats in early voting states and



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huddle with his kitchen cabinet, which includes his chief of staff, Steve Ricchetti; message man Mike Donilon; longtime adviser Ted Kaufman; and sister Valerie Biden Owens. He spoke with Harold Schaitberger, the general president of the powerful firefighters union, and won his endorsement, should he declare. According to a source, he told Schaitberger that “all the political pieces are in place.”

In effect, Biden has been running since Maureen Dowd published a *Times* column reporting how Biden’s 46-year-old son Beau implored his father to challenge Clinton for the nomination shortly before Beau died of brain cancer. The campaign picked up steam the following day, when Alcorn, who had been a top strategist for Beau’s gubernatorial run in Delaware, joined the super-PAC. His arrival transformed what had been the fledgling brainchild of a 27-year-old former Obama volunteer into a serious campaign-in-waiting. Alcorn said they are “well on their way” to raising \$3 million and have grown to 20 paid staffers that include veteran field operatives in Iowa, South Carolina, and Florida and a digital-data team. In September, it hired Mark Putnam, a veteran of Obama’s 2012 media team, to produce television ads.

Of course, what the Draft Biden PAC hasn’t had is Biden himself, and many Democrats believe that the vice-president has missed his window—that the debate went so well for Clinton she has effectively boxed him out. But this analysis assumes that Biden has been deciding *whether* he should enter. In reality, Biden is choosing what kind of campaign to run: an active one, in which he positions himself as a Clinton alternative, or a passive one that presents him as an alternative to Bernie Sanders or any of the other three non-candidates who were onstage in Las Vegas.

Yes, the debate was comfortable to Democrats concerned about their front-runner, but it should also have been worrisome to Democrats concerned about their bench. “The fact she did well should surprise no one,” a Biden activist told me. “If she didn’t do well against those guys, then God help our party.” If something serious were to happen to Clinton—self-inflicted or not—the party would be entering a presidential race on favorable terrain but with a substantial talent problem. Martin O’Malley presented no rationale for a campaign; Jim Webb sounded bitter and bizarre; Lincoln Chafee at times appeared confused why he was even onstage. Sanders electrified his core supporters but didn’t suggest any newfound ability to sell his far-left platform to the general public. In a scenario where a

Clinton campaign implodes, Democrats will again be desperate for a new candidate and will again review the options. Al Gore’s name will be floated. “Al Gore is doing nothing,” said a Democrat who sits on a board with him. Same with John Kerry. “John has not given the slightest indication he would do this,” Bob Shrum, who ran Kerry’s 2004 campaign, told me. What will be real is Biden.

If you look closely at Biden’s recent public activity, it looks very much like that of other candidates in the weeks before they declared. Most obviously, there has been no direction from him to shut down any talk of running. Launching a modern presidential campaign—even a late-entry one—requires planning; the day you declare, you need an operating website to receive donations and catch supporters, and those can’t be designed overnight. Looking indecisive is a classic stalling technique.

And while he is coy about mentioning a run in public, you can watch him positioning himself for either option: Clinton antagonist or replacement. Earlier this month, I went to see Biden on the stump at a non-profit summit in a midtown ballroom. His remarks traced all the contours of a traditional campaign speech. He took aim at Clinton’s foreign-policy cred by noting he’s flown “more than a million miles” on Air Force Two and “met with almost every major head of state.” (He also said he’s known for speaking “the unvarnished truth.”) But the only candidate he invoked by name was Sanders. “I’m not Bernie Sand-

The debate should have been worrisome to Democrats concerned about their bench. “If she didn’t do well against those guys, then God help our party.”

ers,” he told the audience. “He’s a great guy, he really is. I’m not a populist, I’m a realist.”

Among Biden supporters, there is a range of opinions about how vulnerable Clinton is and how much it would be worth the effort (emotional, financial) to take her out. “The challenge for the vice-president is that there’s already an Establishment candidate in the mix,” Jared Bernstein, Biden’s former economic adviser, told me. “I think his calculus would be motivated by the extent to which she stumbles.” Competing against her is bound to be messy. There are whispers among some Clintonites that Obama’s loyalists—Valerie Jarrett’s name comes up—are encouraging Biden to run as payback for the ugly ’08 primary. “It goes back to that campaign,” a Clinton friend told me recently. Far easier would be to settle into the role as the Establishment’s insurance policy.

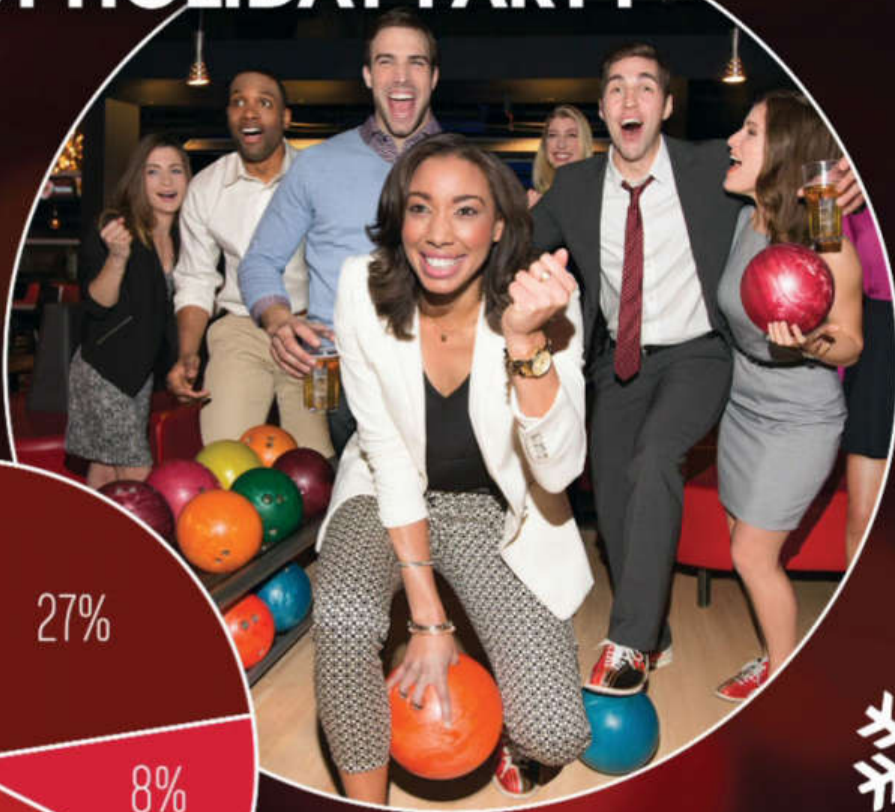
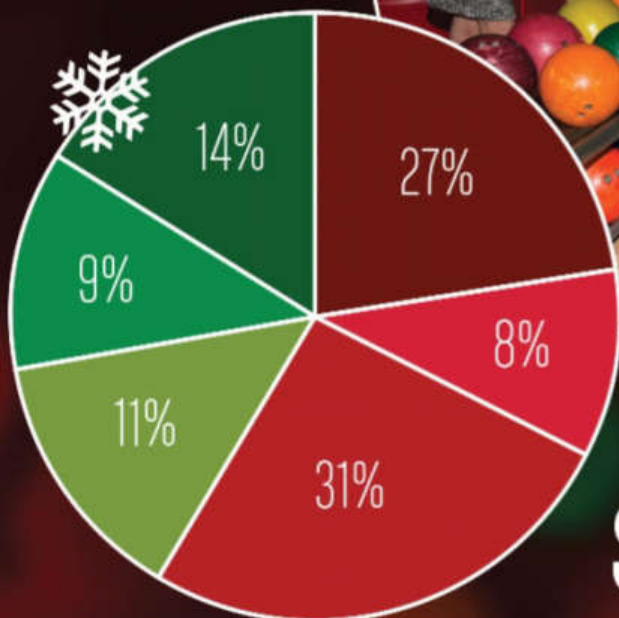
But for all the talk of Biden running out of time, the truth is he doesn’t need to rule out either strategy. Officially declaring his candidacy over the next few days will put him on all the primary ballots. “The thinking now is that they need to attend the Jefferson Jackson Dinner on the 24th,” a Bidenworld source told me, speaking of the timing of the announcement. Ted Kaufman, a Biden adviser who on Thursday emailed the vice-president’s former staffers to be prepared for a run, predicted “a campaign from the heart” that “won’t be a scripted affair.” One could imagine this translating into a campaign that begins heavy on Biden charm and light on attacking other Democrats—giving him more room to observe Clinton’s viability.

Or he may continue to delay an official announcement. This would bring his ghost campaign into uncharted waters, but there has never been a draft committee that’s gotten as far as the Draft Biden PAC. No matter what Biden decides, it can continue to operate, raising money and building potential voter lists. The deadline for entering the Georgia primary is October 29, but Biden could still run by not running, remaining a heartbeat away from the nomination. According to Democratic-party rules, superdelegates could nominate him from the floor of the convention, which will be held in Philadelphia next July.

What’s clear is that he’s in the race: When a sitting vice-president works the phones after his party’s debate stressing that he is not ruling out running for president, that is the activity of a man running for president. Biden is the party’s Plan B, either its alt-Clinton or alt-Sanders, and he’s had loyalists like Alcorn to keep the campaign’s pilot light on while he decides which candidate to be. ■

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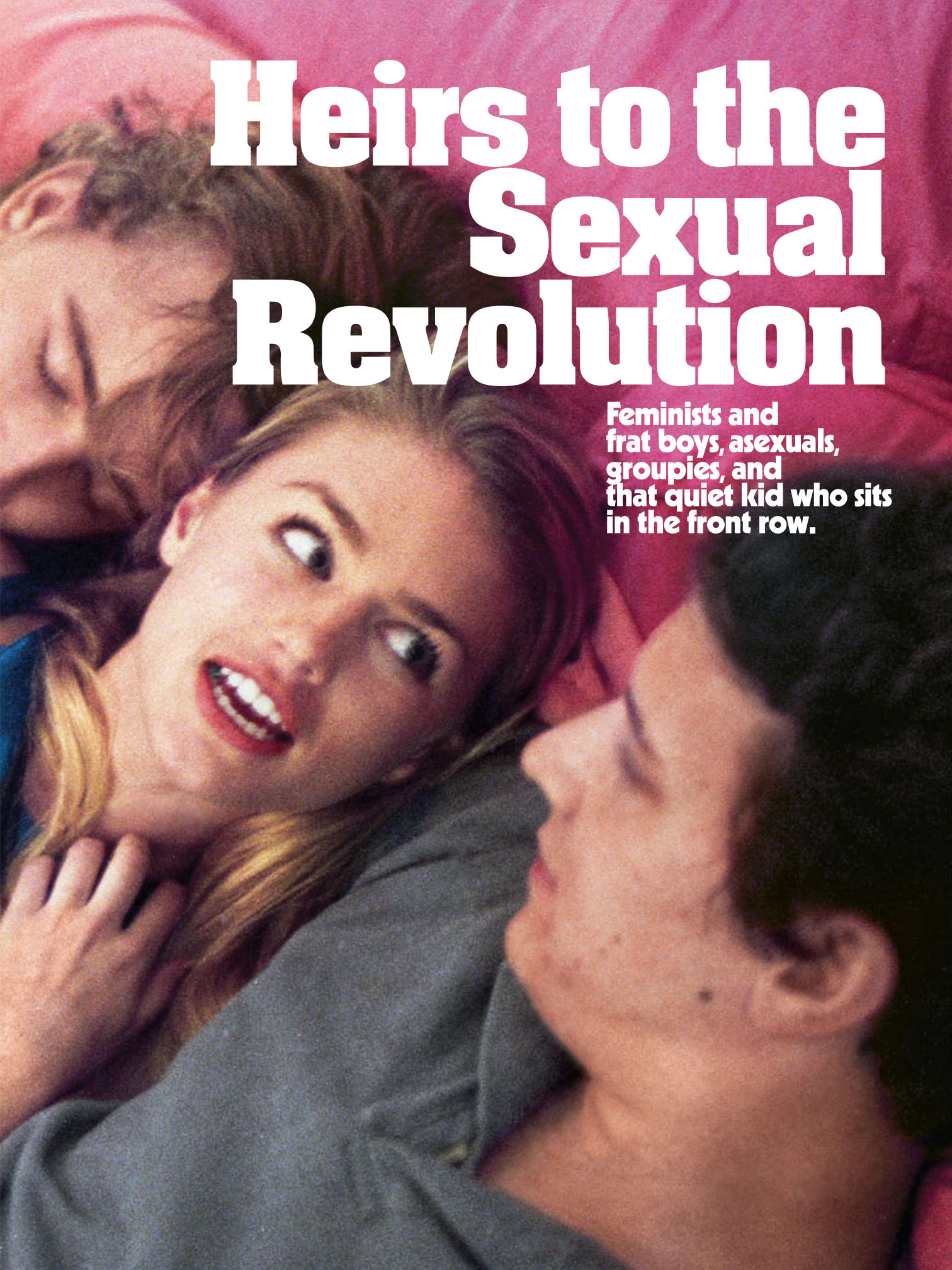
1.
TULANE UNIVERSITY

Caroline likes to cuddle.

Photograph by
MARISA CHAFETZ
Tulane class of 2017

I DIDN'T KNOW those guys in the picture at all. I still don't know their names. I walked up to them at a party and was like, "Hey guys, I'm getting in the bed." I needed to lie down because my back hurt. Then we all talked about how much we love cuddling. They maybe thought something would happen, but I was like, no. I think hooking up works for a lot of people. But I know I would not do well with that. I think it's up to the person to know how they're going to react emotionally. I'm very sensitive. It wouldn't be worth the hurt, honestly. Also, I don't drink. They call me the sober sister in my sorority, because I can drive us all to get food late at night. I don't want to drink, but I'm shouting for my friends to take shots, you know?

INTERVIEWS THROUGHOUT BY
Alexa Tsoulis-Reay



Heirs to the Sexual Revolution

Feminists and frat boys, asexuals, groupies, and that quiet kid who sits in the front row.



COLLEGE SEX 2015:

An Introduction

IT WOULD SEEM to be a pretty confusing time to be a college student, at least as far as sex is concerned. The sexual revolution has been won, and many campuses resemble great drunken bacchanals in which men and women can choose to participate in no-strings-attached, or at least few-strings-attached, experimentations in lust—sex without stigma or shame. And yet, at the same time, news about the high incidence of rape has reached a fever pitch—leaving students, not to mention their parents, worried about their safety. College sex as both playland and minefield. ¶ Hand-wringing over what has become known as hookup culture is nothing new, of course—the panicky-sounding term has been around for decades now. But a hookup is not always the blithe and meaningless sex with strangers that the term conjures. Even among college students,

it's defined differently from person to person and situation to situation. It could mean anything from kissing to intercourse, with a crush, with a friend, or, yes, sometimes with a relative stranger. The script, according to this ritual, is: First you fuck, then (perhaps) you date. Or, more likely, you just continue to hook up, creating a long-term relationship—minus feelings, theoretically—out of a series of one-night stands.

The apparent rise of rape on campus is more recent and more disconcerting. A new generation of activists has raised awareness of what appears to be a crisis: Studies show that as many as 25 percent of college women report having been raped, and college administrations have been repeatedly criticized for their anemic responses to alleged assaults. And the proposed solutions to the problem have created their own controversy. Some worry that the notion of “affirmative consent”—every step toward sex being explicitly agreed to with a “yes”—is overkill and unrealistic; others argue that it serves to protect both men and women in an environment where an unpredictable swirl of alcohol, hormones, newfound freedom, and relative inexperience can result in the best experience of a young life—or the very worst.

And yet, for all there is to worry about—and we old folks love nothing more than worrying about the sex lives of young people—campuses are still filled with college kids excited about one another and the thrill of a night that's just beginning. To them, college sex isn't a headline but something real.

In an attempt to get past the existing media narratives, and the moralizing that comes with them, *New York* asked college students what *they* think about the campus-sex climate. Or, rather, how they experience it. All the photographs in the following pages were shot by students. Their peers in the pictures were then interviewed about their experiences; all were open and eager to share about their lives (itself a generational phenomenon). We polled more than 700 of them and spoke extensively to dozens more about their sexual histories. The following pages are, as much as possible, a record through their eyes of what it means to be young and in college and sexually aware in 2015.

Some of what we learned was unexpected: It appears to be the case that, faced with either hookups or nothing, many students are simply opting out of college sex. Nearly 40 percent of the respondents to our poll were virgins. For some, it's simply too disheartening to imagine your first sexual milestones achieved with someone whom you don't know well (the problem with “backwards dating,” as one person calls it). Perhaps, too, there are fears at play: Both men and women said “rejection” was their greatest sexual fear; but for women, that is followed closely by “coercion.” But the general feeling among virgins and nonvirgins alike was that they were having less sex than their friends. Everyone, in other words, thinks they are the exception to a general state of wild abandon. It's as if sexual freedom has become a burden as well as a gift.

What I Took for Yes

An informal poll of current college students on how they knew their partners wanted to have sex.

"She didn't say no when I touched her and progressed to her more intimate areas." —University of Miami 2017 **"She grabbed my shirt and led me away from the crowd we were in."** —Colorado College 2017 **"When he is making enthusiastic sounds."** —Bard 2016 **"When she touched my penis."** —Penn State 2016 **"Being pushed on a bed, thrown a condom, and climbed on top of."** —Knox 2015 **"She took off her shirt and put her hand in my pants."** —Oberlin 2017 **"If he reaches for the condom."** —University of Miami 2019 **"It's all about aggression, if she unbuttons your pants or touches you sexually first."** —Bard 2019 **"When she reaches for the condom herself."** —University of Miami 2017 **"She undressed."** —Pratt 2019 **"She has to say 'yes' and be reasonably sober. I'm black, can't take no risk."** —University of Miami 2016 **"She took my clothes off."** —University of Miami 2017 **"He started undressing both of us."** —Grinnell 2016 **"Directing my penis toward vaginal cavities."** —Bard 2018 **"She took off her underwear."** —University of Rochester 2017 **"She initiated everything, from making out to putting me inside of her."** —University of Rochester 2018 **"I knew when she removed her bra."** —University of Michigan 2016 **"When my boyfriend asks me if I want to have sex, and I say yes."** —Montana State University 2016 **"You can just naturally tell if they want to go further because they will."** —Georgetown 2017 **"She grabs X part of body and pulls it towards Y part."** —Bard 2017 **"We were already in a relationship, so I just assumed it was consensual."** —University of Rochester 2016 **"I don't know if I would ever feel comfortable participating in a sexual experience that is completely nonverbal: If I push a limit, it is always coupled by my asking how they are receiving my action."** —Bennington 2016 **"Her getting the condom for me, mutual sexual touching, undressing each other completely, her actually putting my unit inside of her."** —Colorado College 2017 **"He took his pants off."** —West Virginia University 2016 **"He didn't say no to being undressed."** —Georgia Institute of Technology 2016 **"When she does sexy things back to me, like kiss hard and touch me."** —Georgetown 2016

REPORTED BY KATY SCHNEIDER

There is a new kind of freedom, too: a seemingly infinite array of genders and sexualities. There's plenty of that old classic, straight-girl collegiate lesbian experimentation, but there are also trans students and pansexual students and bi students and gay students—not to mention the asexuals and aromantics—all happily trying out identities on one another. Gender is now not just mutable, even the concept is optional, and identity comprises a set of categories that can be sliced as finely as you want: Be a demi-girl who identifies with the female binary; be a gray-sexual panromantic transman. Whatever best describes you.

In short, we encountered an almost bewildering variety of sexual experiences. At one Big Ten college, a basketball player bragged of his busy five-women-per-week hookup schedule—which, it turns out, makes him wistful for something more intimate. At Dartmouth, we heard from sorority girls who were beginning to wonder if hookups were worth it. At Tulane, we spoke to a couple who started hooking up after they matched on Tinder (though dating apps haven't really caught on with most of the undergrad population—just 20 percent used them in our poll) and are having the sexual time of their lives. At NYU, we met an asexual happily in a relationship with another asexual. At Bard, a senior told us about how he'd had little interest in sex at all until he found "the meaning in it."

So, yes, hookups are prevalent, but to a surprising degree, students are clear-eyed about what's good and what's bad about them. This seems to be another difference between the current generation and the preceding one: A decade ago, for a progressive college student to break ranks and say anything negative about hookups—that they could be used to reinforce gender imbalances, that it's hard to shut down emotions, that sometimes they just felt shitty—meant she (or he) was aligning with the out-of-touch tsk-tsking adults. Now it's fine for a forward-thinking college student to admit she finds the ritual "problematic," to use a current-favorite campus term. Still—whether because of hormones, the impossibility of moving backward, the difficulty of making sense of your own feelings (let alone another person's) at that age, the fear of being left behind—even those students who had rejected hookup culture for themselves wouldn't go so far as to say that the entire system was flawed. Some people, after all, might feel empowered by it—the ultimate virtue in today's feminism. It's worth noting, too, that campus feminism itself appears to be in flux about the hookup—still focused on consent, to be sure, but also recognizing how that focus has blinded us to the basic issue of quality in sex, both physical and emotional. We've gone from safe sex to free sex to consenting sex—will good sex become the next movement?

What emerges from these stories and photographs and interviews is complicated: The issue of rape and sexual assault on campus is very real, and is also something that students we polled and interviewed—male and female—seem quite aware of. Yet despite the pall cast by this, college students also share a sense of optimism about the many ways for young people to explore their own identities and sexuality, to figure out who they are and whom they want to love. In fact, 73 percent said they'd been in love at least once already. If college functions as a kind of laboratory for the future sexual psyche of a generation, there is plenty of evidence that things might not turn out too badly for this one.

LAUREN KERN AND NOREEN MALONE



Hooking Up Is Easy To Do

But pretty complicated.

By KATIE VAN SYCKLE

On the first night of Dartmouth's fall term, a svelte young woman runs up to the door of my old sorority, pulls off a breezy white dress, and races inside in her bra and thong. She's apparently eager to join the party. Inside, sisters are running around in short polyester '70s dresses and glittery pink sunglasses: their "tackies," intentionally awkward outfits that are something of a middle finger to the Lilly Pulitzer sorority set. Weekly Wednesday meetings—modeled loosely after fraternity meetings—where sisters roast each other and drink lots of beer, have just ended.

Downstairs I find a pong game, in which players use handleless paddles to hit Ping-Pong balls into full cups of beer arranged on a large piece of plywood. If you sink a ball into the cup, your opponent drinks the whole beer. If you hit a cup with a ball, your opponent drinks half. It's a little after 11 p.m., and no one is slowing down.

"You were an '05! Cool!" says my pong partner.

From the look of it, little has changed since I graduated ten years ago. The floor is grimy and covered with plastic cups. A girl is riding a pong table like a surfboard, and another is grinding to Fetty Wap. I show my pong partners the wall in the house my best friend and I painted, a repeated print of Keystone Light cans, the school's watery beer of choice, that's still standing.

I've come back to my alma mater because it sits at the crossroads of two major themes of modern-day college sex: hookup culture, which seems as rampant as I remember it, and sexual assault, which Dartmouth is gaining an unfortunate reputation for. In the Ivy League, Dartmouth is tied with Yale for the highest incidence of sexual assault of undergraduate women, according to a recent Association of American Universities survey (though Princeton didn't participate); the

education-research company StartClass just released research indicating that Dartmouth has had the highest reported rate of sexual assault on campus of any college with more than 5,000 students in the past decade. (Dartmouth has said this means it's doing a good job of encouraging students to come forward. "We want to see the prevalence of sexual assault go down and the incidence of reporting go up," says Justin Anderson, a spokesperson for the school.) Last year, a freshman here was targeted with a personalized "rape guide" posted on a campus chat room and said she was sexually assaulted in a fraternity shortly thereafter. She was one of the 28 percent of undergraduate Dartmouth women who report being sexually assaulted during college.

Lately, researchers have been making an obvious but controversial point: that these two trend lines are in fact related—that hooking up puts students at higher risk of having nonconsensual sex, and that there are elements of this culture, not just at Dartmouth but across the country, that are more complicated than "yes means yes."

"To understand date rape, you needed to understand the dating culture," says sociologist Kathleen Bogle, author of *Hooking Up*, one of the first books to document this culture. "And to understand the sexual-assault problem, you have to understand the hookup culture."

Hookups, for those who went to college before the term came into vogue, can range from kissing to sex. Partners can be strangers, acquaintances, or best friends, but about half of them are getting together for the first time. On average, women have four drinks before a hookup and men have six. The encounter might lead to a relationship but typically doesn't. Often, nobody talks the next day.

"It's backwards dating," explains one Dartmouth senior woman. "You have sex with a person, then if you like the sex, and you kind of like their personality, you ask them out. It is freeing in some senses. It's very sexually liberating, and great for women who like to take control of their lives, and great for men. But it also creates a lot of problems. There's no communication, and there's lots of alcohol. It's a recipe for disaster."

There are, of course, plenty of reasons why students of all genders and all sexualities choose to hook up. It's physical pleasure without emotional risk. It's exploratory and experimental. You can try new things, discover preferences. On a college campus, surrounded by available peers, it's especially convenient.

2.

SAVANNAH COLLEGE
OF ART AND DESIGN

Nina is over the scene.

Photograph by
ANDREW LYMAN
SCAD class of 2016

WHEN I FIRST got here, it was just like this never-ending parade of jocks trying to get laid and just everyone trying to do college. "No boundaries! Hook up with everyone!" Boys think it's enough to, you know, roll up to the bar, hand you a drink, and be like, "Hey, you look pretty." I went through this phase where I got really annoyed, because I felt like I could literally say, "Yeah, I'm a pregnant Martian from Japan, and I have ten nipples," and they would just be like, "Wow, yeah. Want to come back to my place?"

Once I hooked up with this boy. It was on a whim. I was kind of drunk. We went back to his dorm room, because his roommate was gone. We fucked, and then I didn't really think anything of it. I wasn't the type to be like, "Now we're dating!" I didn't give a fuck. But later I saw him hanging out with all his friends, and I waved to him, and he just stared at me and turned to his friends and went, "Who is that?" And they were like, "I don't know. Who is that? Why'd she wave at you?" And I was just like, "Okay. I get it, that's chill."

What I've found is that no one really wants a relationship as much as they just want a person. And pretty much since I kissed Hunter, we've only been with each other and haven't been with anyone else.



Charlie lost his virginity to his girlfriend Kristen last summer.

Photograph by
BRENDAN HUNT
Bard class of 2016

I'VE KISSED four people at Bard, but I was a virgin through most of college. I had sex for the first time with my girlfriend last summer. I've known her since I was like 14. We're both part of this medieval-reenactment community.

I was raised by two Bard students who are from a much wilder era of Bard. I knew what sex was as soon as I was old enough to understand the words involved. I was never lied to. My mom's a lesbian, but she fell in love with my dad and married him and then realized it wasn't working out.

I identified as asexual for a long time. Then I decided I didn't like having a label of any sort. I just kind of loved judiciously. I don't rule out

the fact that I can meet a man that I could fall in love with. But for all intents and purposes, I'm straight. The people I'm attracted to all the time are women.

There was a fear earlier that I was just repressed, that I was some sort of man-child missing a screw. I worried that there was something fundamentally wrong with me or that I was lying to myself. I would have been okay if I was wired differently, but what if I am a very sexual person who just refused to let himself be sexual? And why?

When sex really presented itself as useful to me, I was like, Holy crap, this is a step I can take to get closer to somebody I care about ... That's when I felt like it was time. Kristen and I been flirting for the first two days of this two-week-long medieval-reenactment event. We were in medieval clothes the entire day, wearing armor and fighting. The nighttime is kind of one huge party with free alcohol. One evening I was just like, All right, fuck it, let's see what happens. So I kissed her. One thing led to another. We had sex on the last night of the event, naked under the stars on a battlefield. It was pretty cool.



And many students find it a mostly positive experience. Molly, a Dartmouth senior (names have been changed at their request), says she's had plenty of good sexual experiences in her time at school, but also several sketchy hookups and one she considers assault. An older guy pledging one of the "better" fraternities wanted to get together, and she was flattered. One night, she outlined her terms. "I said we can have sex if we are going to be exclusive, but I want to hook up"—in this sense, fool around without intercourse—"a few times before we have sex, to prove we are exclusive." According to Molly, he agreed.

"Then he started putting himself inside my body," she remembers. "And he was like, it's just the tip, it's just the tip. His roommate was passed out, literally unconscious from drinking, in the bed next to us. He kept continuing to enter me anyway. I was like, 'No, I really don't want to.' And he was like, 'I'm not really going in, I'm just putting it in a little bit.' Slowly but surely, he went further and further. I kept saying no, and he kept going anyway. Eventually I realized he was going to have sex with me whether I wanted it or not."

He wasn't wearing a condom, so she told him to get one. "He was actually so drunk at the time that he didn't finish, thank God. After that he ignored me for a week."

Molly says there are few conversations about consent happening during hookups. "The current mind-set is that they should just keep going anyway," she says. "This is where you get into this trouble of them not hearing you say *no*. Maybe I could be clearer. But no one wants to be the person who says to someone's face, 'I don't like you, this is awful!'"

According to Molly, the majority of her friends at other schools have been sexually assaulted during college, except for the ones who had boyfriends. "If you are completely unavailable to be part of the hookup culture, then people don't seem to see you as a target." But if you opt in, she says, you are vulnerable.

Research from Bucknell psychologist William Flack puts statistics behind what can easily be concluded by anecdote. In a study about the incidence of unwanted sex among university students, both women and men said 77.8 percent of unwanted sex happened in a hookup (compared to 13.9 percent in a relationship and 8.3 percent on a date). "It's safe to say that when you are looking at sexual assault, hooking up is a significant risk factor," says Flack, who started studying hookup culture in 2001 at the suggestion of his students.

To older generations, the suggestion that hookup culture could be leading to sketchy sexual situations makes complete sense. But in certain circles on campus today, this link is extremely controversial. To suggest that women may put themselves at risk by hooking up—by getting blackout drunk, by getting into bed with someone they do not know—is considered to be an offensive example of victim-blaming. In a recent essay in the Harvard *Crimson* called "Here's How I Was Raped," student Viviana Maymi articulates this point of view: "Everyone has the right to get as drunk as they want to without the threat of being raped ... Victims did not 'put themselves in that situation' as a result of having been drunk ... When a drunk driver enters a car, he knows he is impaired, which is why he is responsible for the death of the person he runs over. Likewise, at a party, a perpetrator knows he is impaired, and should be held accountable for the drunken assumptions he makes and acts on."

Despite the risks, hookup culture has become surprisingly idealistic, based on a sense of trust that you can take a fellow student home and nothing bad will happen. "The very idea that one should be able to go out and drink and wear sexy clothes and not be sexually



assaulted is something that did not even cross the minds of women that are older than me. They thought sexual assault was a guarantee if women were behaving like this,” says Elizabeth Armstrong, a University of Michigan sociologist who studies sexuality. “This generation is surprised they are not as safe as they thought they were, and as they think they should be, and as they are entitled to be. What they are asking for and expecting is where we need to go. But the fact they are surprised we haven’t gotten there yet puts women in terrible risk.”

The past few years of campus activism have certainly raised awareness of the bad things that can happen—though whether there has been an uptick in sexual assault or an increase in the reporting of sexual assault is hotly debated. Much of the messaging is focused on educating students about affirmative consent: “Yes means yes.” (Dartmouth, for its part, is also attempting to address sexual assault on campus by, among other things, adopting an affirmative-consent policy and launching a smartphone app that allows students to chat with campus safety. It’s also banned hard alcohol.)

But the very nature of the hookup may make people less attuned to, or even interested in, what’s going on with their partner. “I think hooking up and emotionless sex is great,” says David, a senior who identifies as queer. “Love it, love third-wave feminism, do what you want with your body. But hookup culture is inherently bad because you’re hooking up with people you don’t care about, so you’re not concerned about their safety. I don’t think you’re as worried about this random person feeling weird about it the next day, because you don’t know who they are.”

Alcohol, of course, vastly complicates the issue. Students say that Dartmouth is educating them that if they have had any alcohol, they can’t give consent for sex. But that message, they say, is not realistic. “We’re a bunch of 20-somethings who are in charge of our own Greek houses and have no real adult supervision,” says David. “I think you could walk into any basement on any night and see two people who are hooking up who are too drunk to be doing it. When you see it that often, I think you’re desensitized to it no matter how often you go into class and recite, ‘You can’t give consent if you’re drinking.’”

David’s own experiences speak to the perils of drunk sex but also show how central alcohol is to hookup culture. “I once woke up in the morning and was in bed with someone I did not know, I did not remember meeting him, and I did not know who he was,” says David. “It was like my third week on campus. He was a junior. At the time I really didn’t care. My freshman fall, I was very sexually liberated, and I thought of it as part of the college experience, like, *I got too drunk and slept with someone—classic freshman*. It really didn’t bother me. I didn’t even wake him up. I put my clothes on, went home, didn’t think about it.” It was only later that he started to worry if he was “having sex with people and not remembering it.”

Another time, he became lucid while making out with a stranger. “I actually blacked in while hooking up with someone,” he says. “I don’t really remember how we got there. I just remember coming to consciousness and being in the process of hooking up. I stopped it and was like, ‘I really have to go home. I’m way too drunk.’ And he said, ‘Oh, no, you’re fine, just stay.’ It was very disorienting to wake up while it was happening.”

John—one of the rare men I interviewed who says he always, always asks for consent, even for a kiss—remembers being woken up by a drunken friend. “Nobody locks their doors at Dartmouth,” John says. “I was asleep and she climbed into my bed and started sucking



4.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Tyler and Sea are best friends exploring bondage.

Photograph by
ELLIOTT BROWN JR.
NYU class of 2016

TYLER: I saw a documentary called *Fetishes* on Hulu with Sea, which opened our eyes to the world of BDSM. Then I met a girl at a rave last spring who makes a living as a dom. Since meeting her, I’ve been experimenting with my limits. I like to try new things in general, so I never really have a bad time. That said, I haven’t participated in a real session. When I’m with Sea, it’s more of a role-play.

SEA: Freshman year, I was a dominatrix for Halloween, inspired by Agent Provocateur campaigns. I wore black

lingerie, heels, a fiery-red wig, and carried a riding crop. You have to start somewhere. For my last birthday, Tyler gave me *The Mistress Manual: The Good Girl’s Guide to Female Dominance* as well as a dog leash. I gave him a dog collar and gag mouth opener.

TYLER: We like to pretend we’re a couple to spice things up. One of the fantasies we play out is the professor-student relationship. Or I play the businessman and she plays my trophy wife who spends too much money. We also like to go to leather stores and sex shops to learn about all the tools and bondage gear. We’ve taken a rope-tying class. When I am bound properly, I feel at peace.

SEA: We document on Instagram. I like being dominant with him, because in most of my actual sexual relationships I don’t have that role. It’s just hot.



5.
BARD COLLEGE

Cia and Jackson share a dorm room. They broke up after moving in.

Photograph by
LULA HYERS
Bard class of 2019

JACKSON: We were together for most of senior year of high school. And then we decided to take a gap year together. We traveled in Europe for eight months.

CIA: We were living in a caravan, in tight spaces—so it wasn't such a drastic decision to live together in college.

JACKSON: Some people

were really surprised, partially because they didn't understand how we managed to room together. Basically, we applied for transgender housing. They try to make it appropriate for transgender people, so we both put down that we would be fine living with someone of the opposite sex, and then we both

suggested that we would like to be roommates.

CIA: Then we broke up when we got here.

JACKSON: But I enjoy living with Cia. I am pretty used to it. And it was definitely nice to know someone when I first got here.

CIA: When you are introduced to a new space, obviously there are more girls around, a lot more

guys around. It was just this sense of competition. And I think we both got a little freaked out by it. I know I did.

JACKSON: To be honest, I am the kind of person who would always come home to be honest. She's more independent.

CIA: Jackson had more committed relationships before we started dating.



I had more of, like, you know, loose sexual encounters. Jackson was the first person that I was totally committed to. In a weird way, living together made it easier to break up, because we were still around each other all the time. It's nice to be able to live with somebody you really know, even if there is tension. I prefer it to living

with a stranger. We weren't intimate during that time for the most part. But we were talking and able to hang out. And now I think we are together again—we're not with anybody else. I would not be and I think he would not be.
JACKSON: I guess you could basically just call it dating, but we don't really go on dates.



my dick." They had hooked up before, but he wasn't expecting her. "It was weird, I was mostly asleep," he says. "She was kissing me all over. It escalated, and I finished at some point. I didn't really know what to do, because she kind of pushed herself on me. And I didn't have a problem with it. But I try to avoid those situations because I feel like a creeper—even though I didn't initiate and I was in my bed."

Students say the hookup culture at Dartmouth is influenced by the fraternity-dominated social scene. "When men run the scene, they feel entitled to their space, they feel entitled to their actions," says Elizabeth, a Dartmouth senior. "I think there is a subconscious feeling of dominance."

Female students describe feeling slightly preyed on as freshmen, their stock slowly dropping over the course of four years, while men see their stock rise as they become older and more powerful on campus. Students call this phenomenon the Dartmouth X, though it is by no means exclusive to this school. "I think in the straight hooking-up culture, men tend to get what they want, and women tend to not get what they want," says Flack. "Typically, men want sex without commitment. Women also want sex, but they also want the guy to acknowledge their existence the day after. They are not getting that."

One senior explains his strategy for reaping the rewards of hookup culture: "If you wanted to hook up, you would text eight or nine people that you had hooked up with and say, 'Do you want to play pong tonight?' Then you would see what kind of responses you get."

He compares the science to a college sending out acceptance letters—you have to be able to predict who is going to accept and who is going to turn you down. But sometimes multiple girls would respond. In that case, he would just invite them all over to play pong. "Whoever wants to have sex the most is going to have sex under that strategy."

The women on the other end of the 'Wanna play pong?' texts aren't exactly over the moon about them. But they want to hook up, too, and this is sometimes the best, or only, option. "This guy did his douchey thing, but I happened to want to hook up with someone that night, so it was fine, I didn't really care," says Elizabeth of one of her early hookups. "And then I'm a relatively lazy person, so we just kept hooking up for my freshman fall."

Jordan, a senior in my old sorority, says she hooks up because she doesn't want a boyfriend. She's busy in school, has lots of friends, and relationships are too much work. But she is trying to hook up smarter. After "something weird" happened to her freshman year, she now only hooks up with people she knows.

On frat row late Saturday night, the students look like roving bands of trick-or-treaters. A girl walking arm in arm with her friend announces, "I'm thirsty. In the sex way and the water way."

Meanwhile a guy on the street gets an exciting email.

"Oh *shiiiiit*." He shouts, "She responded to my blitz at 1 a.m. It didn't say friend anywhere in that. What do I say?"

His buddies gather around the phone.

"How is this? 'Headed to Psi U. Meet you there?'" he suggests.

Nelly is blaring from the nearby Psi U fraternity—"It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes"—and students are hanging out the window.

"Okay. Sent."

His friend slaps him on the back and says, "This is your bar mitzvah, buddy." ■

The Sex Habits of 784 College Students

(Who are having way less sex than we imagined.)

Photograph by
ANN SINGER
Boston University, class of 2017

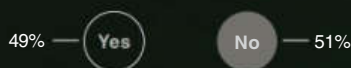
TO GET A FEEL for national trends in college sex, we partnered with SurveyMonkey to survey students from diverse backgrounds at a wide range of four-year colleges and universities all over the country—from Harvard to the University of Minnesota to San Diego State. A couple of caveats: The poll was designed by journalists, not social scientists. So on the controversial question of sexual assault, we rather bluntly asked respondents whether they'd been raped, while most public-health surveys instead describe the act of forced sex in a number of different ways and over a series of questions. Far more people will say that they've experienced rape if you don't actually ask them to identify as rape survivors, so fewer students said they've been raped in our survey than have in recent national campus studies. (However, a high percentage of people in our survey said they know other students who have been sexually assaulted.) Also, despite our best efforts to get an even gender split, more women responded to the poll—it turns out that the difficulty of getting young men to sit still for a survey is a well-known problem. There were a lot of things that interested us about the findings: College women, as a group, have a significant fear of sexual coercion; men, by contrast, overwhelmingly fear rejection—and are approximately twice as afraid of poor performance in bed as women are. But the thing that intrigued us most was that for all the narrative dominance of “hookup culture,” the students who replied to our survey were surprisingly sexually conservative. ANALYSIS BY AMELIA THOMSON-DEVEAUX

SEX

Nearly 40 percent of the students we surveyed said they are virgins. Still, most people thought everyone else was having tons of sex.

Are you sexually active?

FRESHMAN/SOPHOMORE



JUNIOR/SENIOR



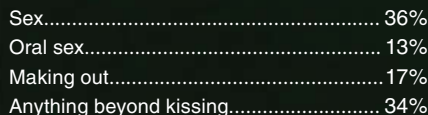
WOMEN



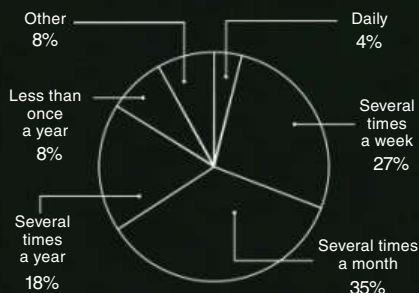
MEN



What is a hookup?



If you are not a virgin, how often do you have sex?



Do you think you're having more or less sex than your friends?

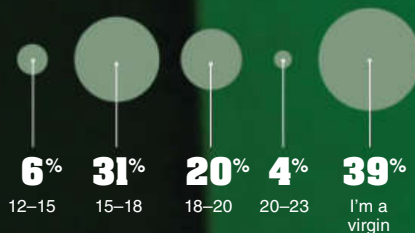
FRESHMAN/SOPHOMORE



JUNIOR/SENIOR



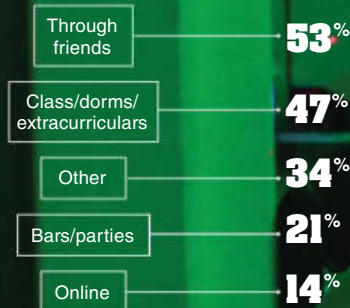
When did you lose your virginity?



How long do you think you need to know someone before you have sex with them?



How do you find sex partners?



How many sex partners do you think you should have before marriage?

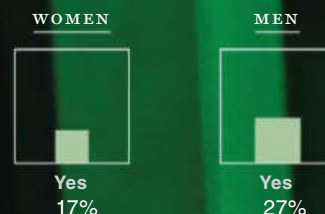
WOMEN



MEN



Do you use dating apps?



RISK

Not surprisingly, more women than men report that a sexual partner has crossed the line, but almost as many men as women know someone who has been raped.

What is your biggest fear when it comes to dating and sex?

WOMEN	
Rejection.....	37%
Coercion.....	30%
Performance.....	16%
Other.....	17%

MEN	
Rejection.....	47%
Coercion.....	6%
Performance.....	30%
Other.....	17%

Do you use birth control?

86% →	Condoms.....	49%
Yes	Pill.....	45%
	Other.....	12%
	IUD.....	8%

If you are not a virgin, have you ever felt that a sexual partner crossed a line?

Yes →	39%	15%
	WOMEN	MEN

Have you been raped?

WOMEN		MEN	
Yes →	12%	4%	

Do you know someone who has been raped?

WOMEN		MEN	
Yes →	54%	45%	

Do you think your school does a good job of handling rape reporting?

WOMEN		MEN	
Yes →	62%	80%	

How much do you typically drink on a night out?



LOVE

Relationships are not dead: 69 percent of respondents said they have had one that lasted longer than a year. And almost everyone plans to get married someday.

Have you ever been in love?

NONVIRGINS	
87% — Yes	No — 13%

VIRGINS	
48% — Yes	No — 52%

WOMEN	
70% — Yes	No — 30%

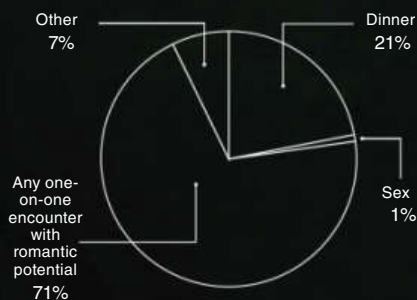
MEN	
80% — Yes	No — 20%

What's the longest relationship you've had?

NONVIRGINS				
1%	12%	14%	69%	4%
Under a month	2 to 6 months	6 months to a year	Longer than a year	Never been in a relationship

VIRGINS				
6%	14%	9%	19%	52%
Under a month	2 to 6 months	6 months to a year	Longer than a year	Never been in a relationship

What does a "date" mean to you?

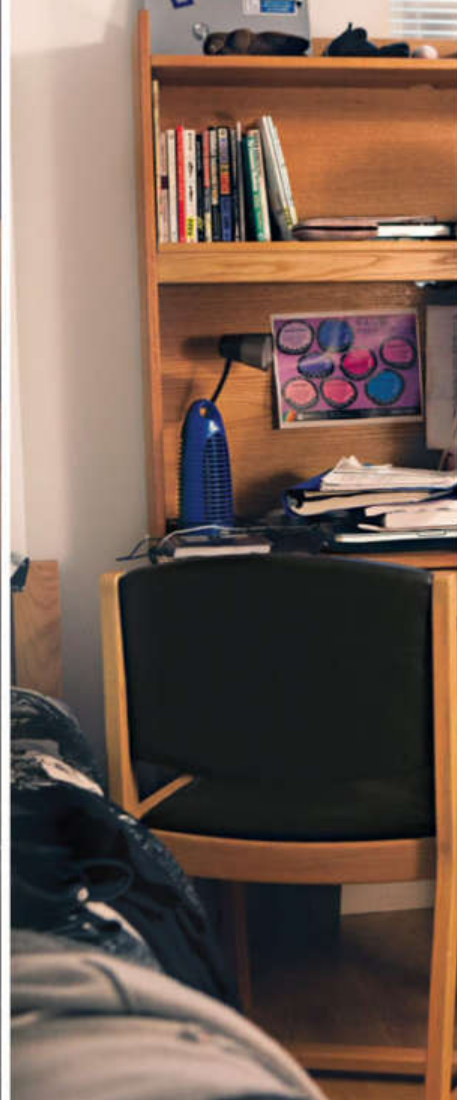


Do you think you'll get married someday?

91%	9%
YES	NO



Max Taylor, right, is transmasculine and pansexual.



Amina Sayeed identifies as an aromantic, agender

Identity-Free Identity Politics

A report from
the agender,
aromantic, asexual
front line.

By **TIM MURPHY**

“Currently, I say that I am agender. I’m removing myself from the social construct of gender,” says Mars Marson, a 21-year-old NYU film major with a thatch of short black hair.

Marson is talking to me amid a roomful of Queer Union students at the school’s LGBTQ student center, where a front-desk bin offers free buttons that let visitors proclaim their preferred pronoun. Of the seven students gathered at the Queer Union, five prefer the singular *they*, meant to denote the kind of post-gender self-identification Marson describes.

Marson was born a girl biologically and came out as a lesbian in high school. But NYU was a revelation—a place to explore transgenderism and then reject it. “I don’t feel connected to the word *transgender* because it feels more resonant with binary trans people,” Marson says, referring to people who want to tread a linear path from female to male, or vice versa. You could say that Marson and the other students at the Queer Union identify instead with being somewhere in the middle of the path, but that’s not quite right either. “I think ‘in the middle’ still puts male and female as the be-all-end-all,” says Thomas Rabuano, 19, a sophomore drama major who wears makeup, a turbanlike headband, and a flowy blouse and skirt and cites Lady Gaga and the gay character Kurt on *Glee* as big adolescent role models. “I like to think of it as outside.” Everyone in the group *mm-hmmms* approval and snaps their fingers in accord. Amina Sayeed, 19, a sophomore from Des Moines, agrees. “Traditional women’s clothes are feminine and colorful and accentuated the fact that I had



Photographs
by **ELLIOTT
BROWN JR.**
NYU class of 2016

demi-girl with connection to the female binary gender.

Levi Back, on the bed, is panromantic, asexual, and agender.

breasts. I hated that,” Sayeed says. “So now I say that I’m an agender demi-girl with connection to the female binary gender.”

On the far edge of campus identity politics—the places once occupied by gay and lesbian students and later by transgender ones—you now find pockets of students like these, young people for whom attempts to categorize identity feel anachronistic, oppressive, or just painfully irrelevant. For older generations of gay and queer communities, the struggle (and exhilaration) of identity exploration on campus can look somewhat familiar. But the differences today are striking. The current project is not just about questioning one’s own identity; it’s about questioning the very nature of identity. You may not be a boy, but you may not be a girl, either, and how comfortable are you with the concept of being neither? You may want to sleep with men, or women, or transmen, or transwomen, and you might want to become emotionally involved with them, too—but perhaps not in the same combination, since why should your romantic and sexual orientations necessarily have to be the same thing? Or why think about orientation at all? Your appetites might be panromantic but asexual; you might identify as a cisgender (not transgender) aromantic. The linguistic options are nearly limitless: an abundance of language meant to articulate the role of imprecision in identity. And it’s a worldview that’s very much about words and feelings: For a movement of young people pushing the boundaries of desire, it can feel remarkably unlibidinous.

Robyn Ochs, a former Harvard administrator who was at the school for 26 years (and who started the school’s group for LGBTQ faculty and staff), sees one major reason why these linguistically complicated identities have suddenly become so popular: “I ask young queer people how they learned the labels they describe themselves with,” says Ochs, “and Tumblr is the No. 1 answer.” The social-media platform has spawned a million microcommunities worldwide, including Queer Muslims, Queers With Disabilities, and Trans Jewry. Jack Halberstam, a 53-year-old self-identified “trans butch” professor of gender studies at USC, specifically cites Judith Butler’s 1990 book, *Gender Trouble*, the gender-theory bible for campus queers. Quotes from it, like the much reblogged “There is no gender identity behind the expressions of gender; that identity is performatively constituted by the very ‘expressions’ that are said to be its results,” have become Tumblr bait—perhaps the world’s least likely viral content.

But many of the queer NYU students I spoke to didn’t become truly acquainted with the language they now use to describe themselves until they arrived at college. Campuses are staffed by administrators who came of age in the first wave of political correctness and at the height of semiotics-deconstruction mania. In college now, intersectionality (the idea that race, class, and gender identity are all connected) is central to their way of understanding just about everything. But rejecting categories altogether can be seductive, transgressive, a useful way to win an argument or feel unique.



Or maybe that's too cynical. Despite how extreme this lexical contortion might seem to some, the students' desires to define themselves outside of gender felt like an outgrowth of acute discomfort and deep scars from being raised in the to-them-unbearable role of "boy" or "girl." Establishing an identity that is defined by what you *aren't* doesn't seem especially easy. I ask the students if their new cultural license to identify themselves outside of sexuality and gender, if the sheer plethora of self-identifying options they have—such as Facebook's much-hyped 58 gender choices, everything from "trans person" to "genderqueer" to the vaguely French-sounding "neutrois" (which, according to neutrois.com, cannot be defined, since the very point of being neutrois is that your gender is individual to you)—sometimes leaves them feeling as if they're floating around in space.

"I feel like I'm in a candy store and there's all these different options," says Darya Goharian, 22, a senior from an Iranian family in a wealthy D.C. suburb who identifies as trans nonbinary. Yet even the word *options* can be too close-minded for some in the group. "I take issue with that word," says Marson. "It makes it seem like you're choosing to be something, when it's not a choice but an inherent part of you as a person."

Levi Back, 20, is a premed who was almost kicked out of public high school in Oklahoma after coming out as a lesbian. But now, "I identify as panromantic, asexual, agender—and if you wanna shorten it all, we can just go as queer," Back says. "I don't experience sexual attraction to anyone, but I'm in a relationship with another asexual person. We don't have sex, but we cuddle all the time, kiss, make out, hold hands. Everything you'd see in a PG rom-com." Back had previously dated and slept with a woman, but, "as time went on, I became less interested in it, and it became more like a chore. I mean, it felt good, but it did not feel like I was forming a strong connection through that."

Now, with Back's current girlfriend, "a lot of what makes this relationship is our emotional connection. And how open we are with each other."

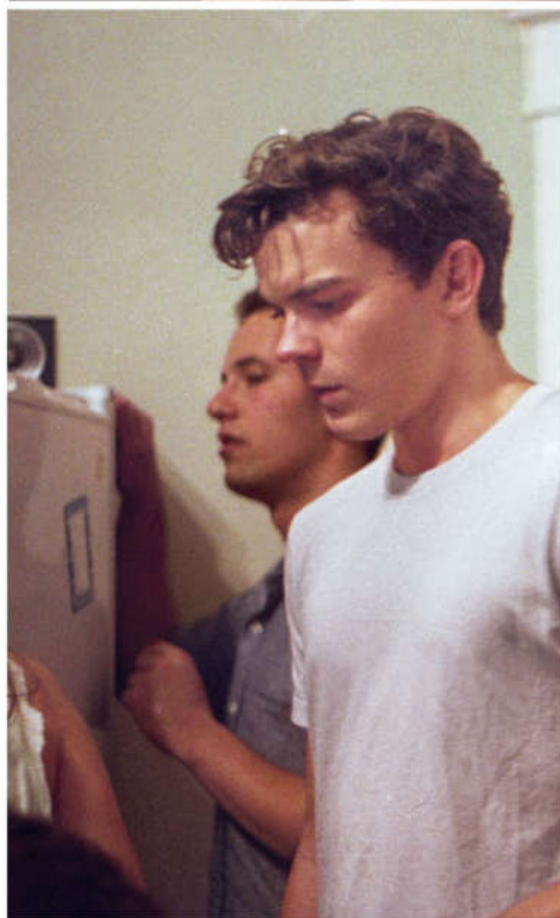
Back has started an asexual group at NYU; anywhere between ten and 15 people typically show up to meetings. Sayeed—the agender demi-girl—is one of them, too, but identifies as aromantic rather than asexual. "I had had sex by the time I was 16 or 17. Girls before boys, but both," Sayeed says. Sayeed still has sex occasionally. "But I don't experience any sort of romantic attraction. I had never known the technical word for it or whatever. I'm still able to feel love: I love my friends, and I love my family." But of falling *in* love, Sayeed says, without any wistfulness or doubt that this might change later in life, "I guess I just don't see why I ever would at this point."

So much of the personal politics of the past was about insisting on the right to sleep with anyone; now, the sex drive seems such a minimal part of today's politics, which includes the right to say you have little to no desire to sleep with anyone at all. Which would seem to run counter to the more mainstream hookup culture. But instead, perhaps this is the next logical step. If hooking up has thoroughly decoupled sex from romance and emotions, this movement is clarifying that you could have romance without sex.

Although the rejection of sex is not by choice, necessarily. Max Taylor, a 22-year-old transman junior at NYU who also identifies as polyamorous, says that it's been harder for him to date since he started taking hormones. "I can't go to a bar and pick up a straight woman and have a one-night stand very easily anymore. It turns into this thing where if I want to have a one-night stand I have to explain I'm trans. My pool of people to flirt with is my community, where most people know each other," says Taylor. "Mostly trans or genderqueer people of color in Brooklyn. It feels like I'm never gonna meet someone at a grocery store again."

The complicated language, too, can function as a layer of protection. "You can get very comfortable here at the LGBT center and get used to people asking your pronouns and everyone knowing you're queer," says Xena Becker, 20, a sophomore from Evanston, Illinois, who identifies as a bisexual queer cis-woman. "But it's still really lonely, hard, and confusing a lot of the time. Just because there are more words doesn't mean that the feelings are easier." ■

Additional reporting by Alexa Tsoulis-Reay.





6.

TULANE UNIVERSITY

Both sides of a hookup: Christine and Fred.

Photographs by
MARISA CHAFETZ
Tulane class of 2017



CHRISTINE: Fred is friends with a friend of mine. We never really met before but I remember at parties always thinking, *Oh, he's so cute.* Then we matched on Tinder.

FRED: It was the first Tinder date I'd ever been on. I'm not one of those dudes who do Tinder. I do not have that ability. I am a double major in economics and neuroscience. I'm a little awkward, and I am a terrible texter.

CHRISTINE: Then we went to this big party and hooked up. I stayed over at Fred's, and then in the morning we had sex again.

FRED: We have thin walls, so everyone knows if someone had sex.

CHRISTINE: The next morning, I was feeling really good and empowered because it was really, really great. And I came to Marisa's house, and I plopped down on her couch in my clothes from last night, smoking, kinda hung-over, telling her everything that happened, and she was telling me everything that happened with her night—just enjoying each other's stories.

FRED: I think Christine shot me a text that morning, like, "That'll definitely happen again, right?"

CHRISTINE: And we have just been purely, only sexually, hooking up since then. Just late-

night booty-call-type things. It's very convenient. And it's really fun and easy. We have such a good arrangement. Like he's a good guy, you know. I literally did not hook up with this one guy because I went back to his room and the only book that he had was *Catcher in the Rye* and he started telling me, "Yeah, I just really relate to Holden." I was like, "You just told me so much about what this experience would have been like, and I am not interested." Fred, we always hang out and talk after, but I just feel no obligation, no attachment to him at all emotionally. It's one of the most wonderful things that I have gotten to do in college that I never really got to do at home, because my family is Catholic and extremely conservative. I did have sex in high school, and I didn't hate it, but I would feel bad about it after. And I'm bisexual. I figured that out in high school, and there was just all this guilt.

FRED: I guess in the world of not-exactly dating, I don't consider Christine my girlfriend. I don't think she considers me her boyfriend either. I think it's fine to be sleeping around; totally cool, especially for women. Slut-shaming is like the worst thing ever, especially because it results in both men and women having less sex, which is terrible.

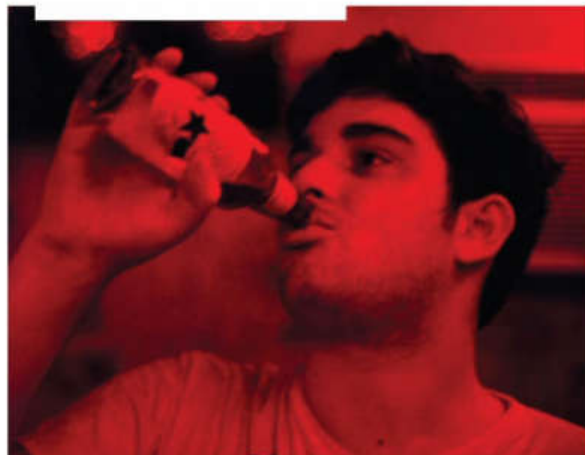
CHRISTINE: I've been hooking up with Fred and this girl Sara. I've just been rotating a few people, which is so nice. I keep thinking that this environment right now, I've never felt more like I can just do whatever I want and make decisions for myself. And it's awesome.

Christine, top, and Fred, left.



1. Marisa took these photos. She's been hooking up with Jack for a year, but they just became exclusive a few weeks ago.

2. Jack had been exclusive with Marisa for a lot longer, though. "He, like, *liked* me," she says. "He very clearly would do anything for me, and I was like, this is weird."



9. Caroline lives with Selby and Marisa, even though she's in a sorority. She's texting Harry, who she's been seeing for a few months.

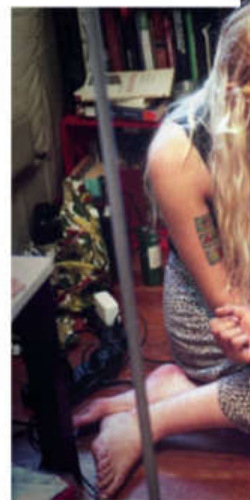
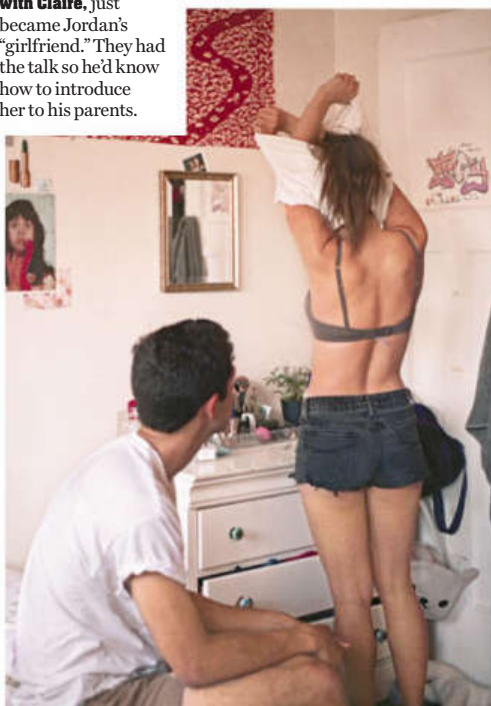


8. Kelly and Josh are broken up right now, but probably not for long. "A week before my period every month this happens," says Kelly. "Get me out of here."

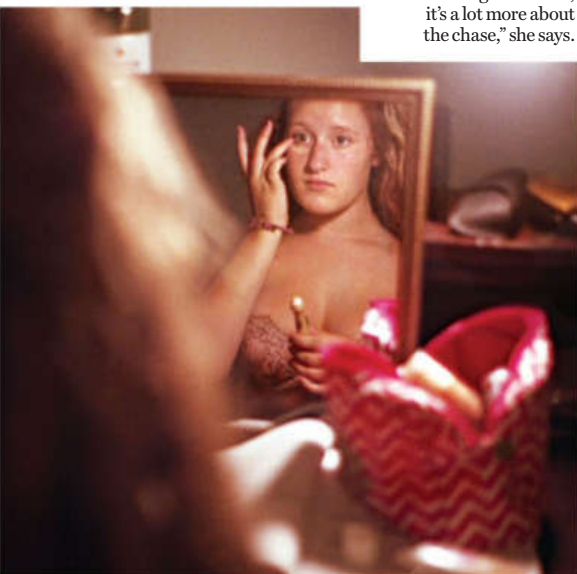
7.
TULANE UNIVERSITY
The Benefits of Friends
One group's entanglements.

Photographs by
MARISA CHAFETZ
Tulane class of 2017

7. Jessie, who lives with Claire, just became Jordan's "girlfriend." They had the talk so he'd know how to introduce her to his parents.



3. Selby is Marisa's roommate and presently single. "For me, it's a lot more about the chase," she says.



4. Claire is giving her boyfriend, Sam, a tattoo. "I'm sort of not into the idea of monogamy," she says. "But I don't know, it's really been working for us lately."



5. Henry is gay but makes out with Emma and Elizabeth. "There are no gay men to date on campus," says Henry. "I probably would've left Tulane last year had it not been for those girls."



6. Rachel and Matt are cuddling after day drinking. "She's cool. She's a friend of all of ours. It's completely platonic," says Sam, with the beer.



When the Jersey-Chasers Come to You

A Big Ten basketball player on the pleasures—and challenges—of hooking up five times a week.

As told to David Marchese

There are girls for every sport. Some girls go for football players—"puck sluts" is a slang term for hockey chasers. Girls message you, get right down to the point and say "Let's hook up." Twitter, Instagram, Snapchat, Facebook. I'd say I'm hooking up four or five times a week. Sometimes on the weekend I'll hook up with two or three different girls. Many of them are just hooking up with me because I'm a basketball player. They're using me as well. We're men, got our hormones and everything, and we kind of just want to release those every now and then. Hooking up does depend on what the girl looks like to a certain degree, and then it depends if I'm tired or not.

Sometimes the guys on the team get competitive about sex. Our freshman summer we actually made it a competition: Who could have sex with the most girls. We had a point system, and we called ourselves the EFC: Elite Fucking Committee. We'd keep track and meet up on Sunday and tell stories.

As an athlete, I've gotten talks from the school about girls and hooking up and alcohol and stuff. I don't want to overstep my boundaries. The girls make it very obvious what they want, so I don't push them at all. But women are kind of crazy sometimes, especially with athletes and wanting to get their money. Obviously, as college athletes, we don't really have money right now, but it's kind of scary: Any girl that I hook up with could lie and say that I sexually assaulted her or raped her. The woman usually gets the benefit of the doubt in those cases. I remember reading an article on Justin Bieber and how he had a consent form for girls to sign and I've honestly thought about doing something similar.

It gets old sometimes, sleeping with people and having it not mean anything. I did have a girlfriend once for like three and a half years, and sex was much better when you were emotionally attracted to that person. There's times now where I definitely want a girlfriend. But at the same time in my head I'm like, *How am I supposed to know if she likes me for me or because I'm an athlete?*

I have girls at several Big Ten schools who will come to my hotel room when I'm on the road. Before I go to bed, we'll hook up, and then I just pass out. I've made the mistake of having them stay over, but they keep me up, and then I'm really tired the next day when I have a game. Now I politely ask them to leave, or I just turn over and go to bed and they get the point. They seem fine with it.

I'm actually starting to think about how my sex life will change after school. It depends on how my career goes. If I go pro, it'll be professional jersey-chasers after me, and if I don't, well, then I'm actually going to have to put some effort into hooking up and be a normal person.



The Long Before

College virgins are a mostly silent almost-majority.

By ALEX MORRIS

These days, Nicole is thinking a lot about sex. Not the sex she's having but the sex she isn't. The sex she feels like she probably should have had already. The sex that got away. This past summer, sitting at her kitchen table, still in the clothes she'd worn that day to her internship, she got the call she'd been expecting, and sort of dreading, for a while now. "I have something to tell you," her best friend from home exclaimed over the line. "I had sex!"

Nicole brimmed with questions: "How was it? How big was his penis? How many times did you do it?" She was thrilled for her friend but also unsettled. The two of them had grown up together in Orlando, sharing so many of the same life experiences that their childhoods seemed to meld into one. Then, a few months back, her friend had met a guy she liked, had started dating him, had fallen in love—all milestones that Nicole, now a senior at NYU, still awaited. While her friend had once been proof to her that you could be a 21-year-old virgin and still be cool, now Nicole felt left behind. "I get off the phone and I feel like I've lost a friend. I was like, 'The club is dwindling.'"

Nicole is neither uptight, nor awkward, nor unattractive, nor religious, nor, she explains, "a prude—that's the first thing I think." She went to a Catholic high school, but she has no intention of saving herself for marriage. She's friendly and outgoing and wants to work in PR. She wears leopard-print flats and a messy ponytail. She says her dream guy would have "tattoos and a man bun."

Close to half of her friends are still virgins, she tells me. But that doesn't stop Nicole from worrying about the fact that she hasn't had sex. "Am I giving off a weird vibe?" she asks.

Over cocktails and flatbread at a low-lit downtown restaurant, Nicole and her roommate, Rachel, ponder whether someone who is a virgin

is viewed more harshly than someone who's deemed a slut. "I definitely think so," says Rachel (also a senior, also a virgin). "If you're promiscuous, it's like you're more respected because you don't care what people think. Whereas if you're a virgin, it's the opposite."

Nicole isn't so sure. But she is sure that people tend to lump women into one category or the other. "It's like you're choosing to be a virgin because of all these values, or you're choosing to go have sex every night—like it's completely opposite ends of the spectrum. But what about people like us who are right in the middle? We're not choosing either way. It's just that the opportunity hasn't presented itself."

It's that lack of opportunity that's driving Nicole and Rachel crazy. They both know that they're attractive enough to hit up a bar tonight and probably find someone to sleep with. But they both have also subscribed to the notion that their first time should be special—not necessarily with a boyfriend or someone who loves them but at least with someone they care about on some level, someone who will consider their pleasure at least as much as his own.

Rachel says she doesn't have a problem with hookup culture; she and her friends expect random hookups to be the entrée into something more serious, even though they also expect that most hookups won't end that way. ("It's a game now, like you have to be the person who cares less. If you start hooking up with a guy and don't care if he likes you, then you start dating.") But she also feels caught in a bind: All throughout high school, she held out, stopping sexual encounters just short of intercourse, with the idea that sex in college would be better, more mature and evolved. Then she got to college and realized that the expectation was that she would have had sex already. "It would be less acceptable now to hook up with someone and draw the line right before you're going to have sex," she explains. Which means she's not sure how to meet someone she could get to know enough to eventually want to have sex with, without having to have sex with him in order to get to know him.

Then again, the longer she holds out, the higher the stakes become. "I feel like if I waited this long and slept with some random guy at a frat party, I'd be like, 'Why didn't I do that senior year of high school?'" Unlike Nicole, who longs for a boyfriend, Rachel wishes she were able to participate in hookup culture. "I feel like once you've had sex the first time, the wall breaks and it's acceptable to have sex with more random people," she says. "I wish I could explore all of that, but I feel like the first time has to be a certain way. If I could get that out of the way, then if I had sex another time and it was bad, I wouldn't

8.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

**Rebecca,
a virgin,
strips online.**

Photograph by
ELLIOTT BROWN JR.
NYU class of 2016

Stripping online, or camming, was something that I started the summer before my freshman year in college. Some of my friends back home were doing it, and I was interested. At first it was financially motivated, but I found it was kind of pleasurable for me. It made me feel good, I guess. People message you and ask you to do things or customize something for them. You can say yes or no. I'm not going to make as much money as someone who would do anything. A friend of mine made about \$300 in a week, and I made a hundred. Sometimes I think about being a virgin, other times it's more in the back of my head. I feel shitty when my friends are talking about all their experiences and I don't have any to talk about. It's hard because I feel that I am highly experienced—but obviously without the physical part. When it does get down to me actually possibly having this kind of encounter with someone, I get really scared. Sometimes I am a little self-conscious about my body and worry that people don't like bigger women. So I never know if it's me, or if it's about guys, or what. My body just kind of shuts down, and I feel like I want to pull back.





Ethan, right, at a party.

9.

BARD COLLEGE

Ethan broke up with his girlfriend to fully experience college.

Photograph by
BRENDAN HUNT
Bard class of 2016

I cheated on my ex-girlfriend. It was just a drunken thing. I made out with another girl at a party. I was too scared to tell her about it. I just brought up the question “Where is this going?” I was like, “I’m only 20. I have to figure out myself before I can commit myself to someone.” I wanted to experience college in a full, holistic way. There were a few months with a lot of drinking and a lot of parties. And I was very active. Not sexually active—I would just make out with a lot of girls. I only slept with a few—just like two or three.

10.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY

Carlin and Anthony both like older men.

Photograph by
ELLIOTT BROWN JR.
NYU class of 2016

ANTHONY: When I got to NYU, I put on this confident persona that I was experienced when it came to sex. The first guy that I ever did anal with was a bit older than me—he was, like, 24. I let him because I thought we would actually work out. I told him I’d done it before and I remember him saying, “Thank God you’re not a virgin because I don’t think I could deal with that,” and that made me feel like shit.

CARLIN: I like older guys, too. It’s more about the intellectual stimulation. When it’s purely physical it becomes very mundane. A lot of college students are ... their viewpoints are very myopic or egocentric. It’s hard to find sophistication.

be like, ‘That was horrible, bad on me, wrong move.’ I would be okay. But if that was the first time, I would be like, *My life sucks.*”

Though it may not assuage their concerns, Nicole and Rachel have a lot of company. According to the Online College Social Life Survey, a study of more than 24,000 students at campuses across America, 20 percent of college students graduate without ever having sex—a minority, to be sure, but a much larger percentage than even the students themselves might expect. In our own poll, which included undergrads, 40 percent said they were virgins. “These college campuses are portrayed as being this hotbed of hookup culture, this idea that that’s what everybody is doing,” says Rachel Hills, author of *The Sex Myth*. “But a lot of people have sex for the first time when they meet someone who they really like and who really likes them back. For some people, that happens at 14 or 15. For some people it happens at 35 or later.”

Hills wrote *The Sex Myth* in part as a response to the way she felt about herself before she lost her virginity at age 26: “The realization that I wasn’t alone in having this kind of imperfect sexual trajectory was definitely what set me on the path to researching the book,” she says. She questions the idea that as a society we are cur-

rently more sexually free than we have ever been before, that our judgments about sex have become deregulated, and that truly anything goes. “Sexual liberation should be the idea that people can have sex, or not have sex, in whatever ways they like,” she points out. The fact that for so many not having sex doesn’t feel like an option—or, worse, feels like a curse—“says that our beliefs that we tend to frame as being progressive aren’t necessarily progressive. They can still have forms of control of their own.”

The very idea of virginity was historically a form of control, of course, a way to manage female sexuality and ascribe women value based on their sexual “purity.” The concept of male virginity barely even registered until a hundred years ago. “There are stories about a boy becoming a man by being taken to the brothel and things like that,” says Therese Shechter, producer and director of the film *How to Lose Your Virginity*. But that’s related more to him exercising his virility, not shirking his “purity and chastity.”

Now, though, the male virgins I spoke with seemed to think that they might have it worse than the women. Given the cultural assumptions about male sex drive and the relative ease of access to partners, inexperience can imply a lack of virility or even desire. Plus, young men, perhaps more



Carlin, right.



than young women, assume that sex is happening all around them, all the time. In *Guyland: The Perilous World Where Boys Become Men*, sociologist Michael Kimmel writes of asking male students in colleges across the country what percentage of their classmates they thought had sex on any given weekend. The average answer he received was roughly 80 percent. The actual figure is between 5 and 10 percent. “We align our behaviors with whatever ideal is current in our subculture,” explains Hills. “But the vast majority of us don’t live up to some part of the ideal in one way or another, and that means we feel anxious about the ways in which we don’t live up.”

It also means that there is a lot of posturing—among both straight and gay students. Ralph, a freshman at Columbia, says that sex went from being a fairly taboo subject at his high school, where he was the only out gay student, to an “in your face” one in college: “Here, you know someone for a week and they’re already telling you all about their sex life. The conversation’s like, ‘How many people can you get into bed with you?’” So Ralph was surprised to learn that most of the freshman guys he’s met and gone on dates with are still virgins like him. “We’re all in the

same boat. We haven’t had that much experience before, because there have never been a lot of people we could interact with in that kind of way. A lot of guys here hadn’t even come out before they got to New York.”

Now that opportunities are more plentiful, Ralph assumes that he will lose his virginity in college and that it will happen within a relationship where “we’re both on the same page and very comfortable with ourselves.” Which is exactly what Tim, a straight guy who graduated from Georgetown two years ago, had in mind; yet the one relationship he had in college stopped short of intercourse. Tim says that, as a virgin, he feels particularly assaulted by the pop-cultural messages that present women as sex objects. “When you consume entertainment through that lens and you haven’t had sex, it feels very emasculating,” he says. A year and a half out of college, the pressure and self-doubt he felt about being a virgin were so intense that he sought therapy. “Society says this is the way things are, and if you’re not part of it, you’re alienated,” he tells me. “I often have felt like a reverse-*Scarlet Letter* type of situation. Even though it was the opposite, the shame was still there.”

Such feelings contribute to the very unsexy feeling that sex is something that virgins need to get out of the way already. “I don’t know, necessarily, that the experience itself will be this magical moment like it is in the movies,” says Annie, a bisexual woman who graduated from a small liberal-arts college in the Midwest this past spring. “But I do think that it will ease a lot of anxiety because at least I can say I’ve done it. Maybe that’s not the best attitude to have, but it’s hard not to feel that way.” But, paradoxically, it’s also hard to escape the feeling that sex is, in fact, worth waiting for, and worth getting “right.” “No one’s ever like, ‘Tell me the story of the first time you blew someone,’” says Rachel, furrowing her brow.

For her part, Nicole tries to keep her anxiety in check by reminding herself that sex isn’t mystical or transcendent; it’s just something normal she wants to do. In that phone call last summer, her best friend told her, “I don’t know why people make it such a big deal. It didn’t hurt at all. We just did it and then that was it.” Nicole believed her. Still, she’s tired of waiting. ■

11.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY

Caroline blacks out, then makes out.

Photograph by
LIBBY DANFORTH
IU class of 2016

This party was titled “Bday Blackout,” and I definitely accomplished that. I started with some red wine straight out of the bottle. My go-to bottle is Apothic red. It tastes so good that before I know it, the bottle is empty and I’m taking shots. Generally, I consider myself a straight woman, but it is normal on a drunk night to be kissing my friends.







When 'No' Didn't Mean 'No'

**But it didn't
mean agreeing
to go all the
way either.**

By SALLY QUINN
As told to Lisa Miller

When I entered Smith College in 1959, no one ever talked about sex. Even among my closest friends—we didn't know whether anyone had had sex (we presumed not). For me, having sex was entirely out of the question. "Making out" was permissible but also unmentionable. A girl might be attracted to a boy, and even aroused during making out, but she could never appear to want sexual

contact; it had to just "happen"—and even then, it was necessary to protest at each new stage. "No" definitely did not mean "no." I did some petting that I would characterize as "heavy," but I never went so far that anyone would get the impression that it was okay to go all the way.

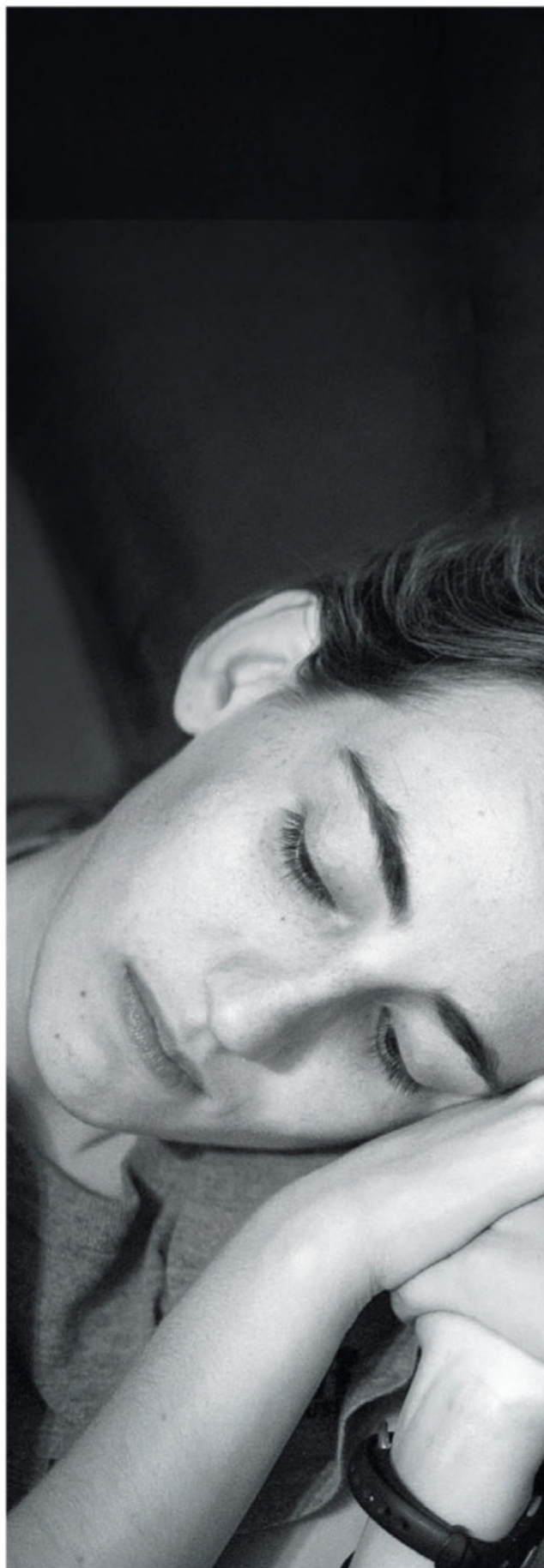
On the weekends, we went to parties or games at Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. I had a date at Yale who got too drunk to drive me back to my hotel, so I ended up spending the night in his bed; he slept in the other room. The rule at Smith was that if a girl was caught sleeping in a boy's dorm, she would be kicked out of school. So that was one of the most dangerous things I did in college.

When I think about it, there was sex going on. There was a cheesy Italian restaurant down the hill. The owner, Carlo, had bedroom eyes, and the word on campus was that he had a room upstairs where he had sex with the Smith girls. One friend of mine had an affair with Carlo—she told me he said she had thighs like a wild mare.

The only time I ever felt sexually threatened was when a friend and I went with a couple of Harvard guys to a ski house at Stowe. We realized pretty quickly we were in over our heads. The guys got so drunk, and I started to worry that they would come on to us and we wouldn't be able to fight them off. I realized it was time for us to lock ourselves in our bedroom when one of them started singing, to the tune of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Let's all get drunk and get naked." I didn't drink in college; I never wanted to make myself vulnerable in that way.

Most everyone's ambition was to get married and raise kids. But the year I graduated, 1963, Betty Friedan came out with *The Feminine Mystique*, and a lot of people started suddenly reconsidering. After I graduated, when I was 23, I went to Europe. That's where I first had sex. I followed the advice an older friend had given me: "For your first time, you should elect a person you want to be with, someone you genuinely care about, who is really attractive, and attracted to you, and who loves you, but who you are not in love with."

When I went back to Smith for my tenth reunion, I was shocked at how everything had changed. There were guys sleeping in their girlfriends' rooms! I got up one morning to go to the big communal bathroom at the end of the hall, and there's a guy at the sink wearing boxers and a T-shirt. In those days, we washed our face with beauty grains, like a mud pack that you'd smear all over. So I'm using my beauty grains, and this guy turns to me and says, "Jesus! What is that crap?" All the mystery was gone. ■





12.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI

When Grace, who is gay, met Grace, she was straight.

Photograph by
ALEXEY FURMAN
MU class of 2016 (M.A.)

My girlfriend is also named Grace. My freshman year, I saw her in passing, and I was like, *Wow, that girl is beautiful. I hope she's gay.* So I asked a friend about her and found out she was involved in this organization called Greek Allies, which tries to incorporate the LGBTQ community with the frat and sorority community on campus. She wasn't gay, though. In May, I almost hit Grace with my car. Later I messaged her on Twitter: "I'm so sorry I almost hit you with my automobile. Can I make this up to you?" We started hanging out every day, and when school was over and she had to go back home for the summer, we were FaceTiming a lot. She was complaining about dating guys from her high school. And I was like, "You know, you should get out of your comfort zone," meaning like: "Date other guys." She was like, "Well, I've thought about it, and we can try it if you want." She thought that's what I was inferring. It was a plot twist.

The Game Is Rigged

Why sex that's consensual can still be bad. And why we're not talking about it.

By REBECCA TRAISTER

Last winter, **Reina Gattuso** was a Harvard senior majoring in literature and gender studies and writing a biweekly column for the college newspaper, the *Crimson*. She covered a variety of subjects, among them her sexuality (she identifies as queer) and Harvard's byzantine class hierarchies, and she wrote a regular feature called "Four Dollar Wine Critic." In February, she dedicated her column to the subject of sexist sex.

Gattuso is not against sex by any means. "I don't say yes. I say oh, yes. I say yes, please," she wrote. And she did say yes at a booze-soaked party hosted by a group of men she didn't know. One of the men told her that because she was bisexual, he assumed she was "particularly down to fuck." He said she could make out with his girlfriend if she would hook up with another of the men.

"I have so much to drink my memory becomes dark water, brief flashes when I flicker up for air," Gattuso wrote. "I'm being kissed. There's a boy, then another boy. I keep asking if I'm pretty. I keep saying yes." But in the morning, she wrote, "I feel weird about what went down" and was unsure how to express her feelings of dissatisfaction and confusion over "such a fucked-up experience."

Eventually, she realized that what she was grappling with was not just the night in question but also the failure of campus feminism to address those kinds of experiences. We tend to talk about consent "as an individual process," she wrote, "not asking 'What kinds of power are operating in this situation?' but only 'Did you or did you not say yes?'" Feminists, she continued, "sometimes talk about 'yes' and 'no' like they're uncomplicated ... But ethical sex is hard. And it won't stop being hard until we ... minimize, as much as possible, power imbalances related to sex."

It may feel as though contemporary feminists are *always* talking about the power imbalances related to sex, thanks to the recently robust and radical campus campaigns against rape and sexual assault. But contemporary feminism's shortcomings may lie in not its overradicalization but rather its underradicalization. Because, outside of sexual assault, there is little critique of sex. Young feminists have adopted an exuberant, raunchy, confident, righteously unapologetic, slut-walking ideology that sees sex—as long as it's consensual—as an expression of feminist liberation. The result is a neatly halved sexual universe, in which there is either assault or there is sex positivity. Which means a vast expanse of bad sex—joyless, exploitative encounters that reflect a persistently sexist culture and can be hard to acknowledge without sounding prudish—has gone largely uninterrogated, leaving some young women wondering why they feel so fucked by fucking.



Feminism has a long, complicated relationship to sex, one that has cycled from embrace to critique and back again. By the time a generation of women woke feminism from its backlash slumber around the millennium, the sex wars of the 1980s were long over. Some second-wave feminists, including Andrea Dworkin and Catharine MacKinnon, had seen sex, pornography, and sexism as all of a piece, finding it impossible to pick the strands of pleasure from the suffocating fabric of oppression. So-called sex-positive feminists—Ellen Willis, Joan Nestle, Susie Bright—set themselves against what they saw as this puritanical slant. The sex-positive crusaders won the war for a million reasons, perhaps especially because their work offered optimism: that sexual agency and equality were available to women, that we were not destined to live our sexual lives as objects or victims, that we could take our pleasures and our power too. They won because sex *can* be fun and thrilling and because, for the most part, human beings want very badly to partake of it.

So it was only natural that when feminism was resurrected by young women creating a new movement, it was self-consciously sex friendly, insouciant in its approach to the signs and symbols of objectification. No one would ever mistake these feminists for humorless haridans or frigid dick-rejectors. But the underpinning philosophy had shifted slightly. *Sex positivity* was originally a term used to describe a theory of women, sex, and power; it advocated for any kind of sexual behavior—from kink to celibacy to conscious power play—that women might enjoy on their own terms and not on terms dictated by a misogynistic culture. Now it has become shorthand for a brand of feminism that was a cheerleader for, not a censor of, sex—all sex. Feminism's sexual focus narrowed in on one issue: coercion and violence. Sex that took place without clear consent wasn't even sex; it was rape.

In this line of thinking, sex after yes, sex without violence or coercion, is good. Sex is *feminist*. And empowered women are supposed to enjoy the hell out of it. In fact, Alexandra Brodsky, a Yale law student and founder of anti-rape organization Know Your IX, tells me that she has heard from women who feel that "not having a super-exciting, super-positive sex life is in some ways a political failure."

Except that young women don't always enjoy sex—and not because of any innately feminine psychological or physical condition. The hetero (and non-hetero, but, let's face it, mostly hetero) sex on offer to young women is not of very high quality, for reasons having to do with youthful ineptitude and tenderness of hearts, sure, but also the fact that the game remains *rigged*.

It's rigged in ways that go well beyond consent. Students I spoke to talked about "male sexual entitlement," the expectation that male sexual needs take priority, with men presumed to take sex and women presumed to give it to them. They spoke of how men set the terms, host the parties, provide the alcohol, exert the influence. Male attention and approval remain the validating metric of female worth, and women are still (perhaps increasingly) expected to look and fuck like porn stars—plucked, smooth, their pleasure performed persuasively. Meanwhile, male climax remains the accepted finish of hetero encounters; a woman's orgasm is still the elusive, optional bonus round. Then there are the double standards that continue to redound negatively to women: A woman in pursuit is loose or hard up; a man in pursuit is healthy and horny. A woman who says no is a prude or a cock tease; a man who says no is rejecting the woman in question. And now these sexual judgments cut in two directions: Young women feel that they are being judged either for



Famous for hookups, the bathroom at the Hole in the Wall bar near the University of Texas in Austin has its own lexicon.

Photograph by **CHANDLER ALLEN**, UT class of 2016

A GLOSSARY

For the Ancient and Un-Hip

SOME THINGS ABOUT SEX haven't changed, and never will. But for those of us who went to college decades ago—or even just a few years ago—some of the newest sexual terminology can be unfamiliar. Below, a cheat sheet.

Affirmative consent: the explicit, verbal, and voluntary go-ahead for sex, given at each stage of intimacy; colloquially, “yes means yes”

Agender: a person who identifies as neither male nor female

Asexual: a person who doesn't experience sexual desire, but who may experience romantic longing

Aromantic: a person who doesn't experience romantic longing, but does experience sexual desire

Black in: to come back to consciousness after a drinking-induced blackout

Cisgender: not transgender; the state in which the gender you identify with matches the one you were assigned at birth

Cuffing season: the time between fall and winter when students are desperate to find someone to be in a serious relationship with

Demisexual: a person with limited sexual desire, usually felt only in the context of deep emotional connection

Fuckboy: a weak, immature man good only for sex

Gender: a 20th-century constraint

Genderqueer: a person with an identity outside the traditional gender binaries

Graysexual: a more broad term for a person with limited sexual desire

Hu'd: hooked up; started as texting slang, now said aloud

Intersectionality: the belief that gender, race, class, and sexual

orientation cannot be interrogated independently from one another

Main bae: a significant other

Netflix and chill: to hook up (a reference to what the supposed plan might be back at someone's place, when the real intent is different)

Neutrois: agender

Orgasm gap: the problem, identified by feminists, of men reaching climax more often than women in casual encounters

Rape culture: an environment in which attitudes about gender and sexuality lead to sexual violence

Side chick: the other woman

Softboy: a fuckboy in emotionally intelligent sheep's clothing

To hook up with: to make out with someone; to get anywhere from first to third base without going all the way home—although, confusingly, sometimes it can mean sex; it always connotes a no-strings-attached encounter, but hooking up can lead to dating

To pull: to have a lot of sex; to get around

Panromantic: a person who is romantically interested in anyone of any gender or orientation; this does not necessarily connote accompanying sexual interest

Wifed up: to be in a relationship; alternatively, to be beholden to someone you're not technically in a relationship with

Reporting by Allison P. Davis and Jessica Roy

having too much sex, or for not having enough, or enough good, sex. Finally, young people often have very drunk sex, which in theory means subpar sex for both parties, but which in practice is often worse (like, physically worse) for women.

As Olive Bromberg, a 22-year-old genderqueer sophomore at Evergreen State, sees it, modern notions of sex positivity only reinforce this gendered power imbalance. “There seems to be an assumption that is ‘Oh, you're sexual, that means you'll be sexual with me,’” Bromberg says. “It feeds into this sense of male sexual entitlement via sexual liberation of oneself, and it's really fucked.”

And again, this is all part of consensual sex, the kind that is supposed to be women's feminist reward. There's a whole other level of confusion around the smudgy margins when it comes to experiences like the one I had at college 20 years ago. It was an encounter that today's activists might call “rape”; which feminist hobgoblin Katie Roiphe, whose anti-rape-activist screed *The Morning After* was then all the rage, would have called “bad sex”; and which I understood at the time to be not atypical of much of the sex available to my undergraduate peers: drunk, brief, rough, debatably agreed upon, and not one bit pleasurable. It was an encounter to which I consented for complicated reasons, and in which my body participated but I felt wholly absent.

“A lot of sex feels like this,” Gattuso wrote in May, after her popular *Crimson* columns drew the attention of Feministing, a website at which she has since become a contributor. “Sex where we don't matter. Where we may as well not be there. Sex where we don't say no, because we don't want to say no, sex where we say yes even, when we're even into it, but where we fear ... that if we did say no, or if we don't like the pressure on our necks or the way they touch us, it wouldn't matter. It wouldn't count, because we don't count.”

This is not pearl-clutching over the moral or emotional hazards of “hookup culture.” This is not an objection to promiscuity or to the casual nature of some sexual encounters. First of all, studies have shown that today's young people are actually having less sex than their parents did. Second, old-fashioned relationships, from courtship to marriage, presented their own risks for women. Having humiliating sex with a man who treats you terribly at a frat party is bad but not inherently worse than being publicly shunned for having had sex with him, or being unable to obtain an abortion after getting pregnant by him, or being doomed to have disappointing sex with him for the next 50 years. But it's still bad in ways that are worth talking about.

Maya Dusenbery, editorial director at Feministing, says that she increasingly hears questions from young women on college campuses that are “not just about violence but all the other bullshit they're dealing with sexually—how they can get guys to get them off, for instance. I think they need feminists to put forth a positive alternative vision for what sex could be and isn't. And it's not just about rape. That's not the only reason that sexual culture is shitty.”

And it's not as if that culture disappears upon graduation. Dusenbery, who is now 29, speaks of her “great feminist shame”: After a decade of sexual activity, she very often still doesn't get off. “In one way that feels so superficial, but then, if I believe sexual pleasure is important, that's terrible! Come on, Maya! Communicate!” She winds up feeling bad for not having done the work of telling her partners how to make her feel good. “What I want is not for me to have that burden. I want one of my male partners, who are wonderful men who care about me, to have just once been like, ‘No, this is unacceptable to me. I'm not going to continue to have sex with you



when you're not getting off!' And I can't imagine that happening."

Gattuso, who is now on a Fulbright fellowship in India, writes to me in an email: "I sometimes think that in our real, deep, important feminist desire to communicate that sexual violence is absolutely and utterly not okay ... we can forget that we are often hurt in ways more subtle and persistent ... And we can often totally forget that at the end of the day, sex is also about pleasure."

Pleasure! Women want pleasure, or at least an equal shot at it. That doesn't mean some prim quid-pro-quo sexual chore-chart. No one's saying that sex can't be complicated and perverse, its pleasures reliant—for some—on riffing on old power imbalances. But its complications can and should be mutually borne, offering comparable degrees of self-determination and satisfaction to women and men.

After all, sex is also, still, political. Contemporary feminism asks us to acknowledge that women "can have as many partners as men, initiate sex as freely as men, without being brutalized and stigmatized, and that's great," says Salamishah Tillet, a professor of English and Africana studies at the University of Pennsylvania and a co-founder of A Long Walk Home, an organization that works to end violence against women. The problem arises, she continues, with the feeling that "that alone will mean we're equal. That alone is not an answer to a system of persistent sexual domination or exploitation. These women are still having these encounters within that larger structure, and men are not being asked to think of the women having sex as their equal partners."

The black feminist tradition has never completely bought into sex positivity as a means toward a political end. Stereotypes of hypersexualization have always made it harder for black women to be believed as victims of sexual assault and also made it harder for them to engage in a sex-positive culture. Just last year, bell hooks startled an audience during an interview by suggesting that "the face of ... liberatory sexuality" for black women might be celibacy.

I am not suggesting that contemporary feminism do away with its sex-positive framework or with its anti-rape activism. But it may need to add a new angle of critique. Describing the strain of popular sex positivity often simply understood as "You get it, girl," Brodsky says, "I think of it sometimes as *Lean In* for good sex. In that there are these structural factors that are conspiring against terrific sex, but at work or in the bedroom, if you have the magic word, if you try hard enough, if you are good enough, you can transcend those." Like *Lean In*, this kind of sex boosterism can be very valuable. But, continues Brodsky, we need to add to it, just as we do in the workplace. "We need both collective solutions and individual solutions."

Dusenbery imagines a world in which feminists stop using the language of combat—as in combating rape culture—and instead set out to promote a specific vision of what sexual equality could entail. "It would include so much more: from the orgasm gap to the truly criminal sexual miseducation of our youth to abortion rights to the sexual double standard. Broadening the scope would not only push us to provide the same kind of deep analysis that's been developed around rape culture in recent years but also help us better see the connections between all the inequities in the sexual culture."

One thing that's clear is that feminists need to raise the bar for women's sex lives way, way higher. "Sure, teaching consent to college freshmen may be necessary in a culture in which kids are graduating from high school thinking it's okay to have sex with someone who is unconscious," says Dusenbery. "But I don't want us to ever lose sight of the fact that consent is not the goal. Seriously, God help us if the best we can say about the sex we have is that it was consensual." ■





13.
BARD COLLEGE

Addison and Sarah really like each other. Just don't tell them they're in a relationship.

Photograph by
LULA HYERS
Bard class of 2019

ADDISON: My relationship with Sarah ... it's casual. I'd say it's more like a pretty close friendship than an actual relationship. We hooked up one night after a drag ball on campus. I was still in the remnants of my drag makeup.

SARAH: He was wearing my glasses that made him look exactly like a lesbian with lipstick and eyeliner.

ADDISON: The way we specifically set it up was we'd be exclusive, but we wouldn't act like people who are exclusive. Like, if I were going to hook up with someone else, I'd run it by Sarah.

SARAH: At first I was kind of worried about it holding me back, but because of the type of person I am, and the type of person Addison is, it's not keeping me from doing anything. I'm still in the loosey-goosey first-semester college mentality.

ADDISON: We both got out of relationships with people before entering college, and I think that's a large part of not wanting to be in a relationship. If it were explicitly a relationship, I feel like there would be this level of pressure. But at the same time, it's not really a situation where I think either of us really wants to see other people. I just happened to get lucky and connect with someone on a fairly intimate level very quickly.



THE CUT

The Countess's Closet

Jacqueline de Ribes's wardrobe is used to being shown off—in Paris and everywhere else. Now it's being spotlighted at the Met.

By AMY LARocca

A full-page photograph of Jacqueline de Ribes in profile, facing right. She is wearing a vibrant pink, off-the-shoulder dress with a large, draped collar. Her hair is styled in a short, dark bob. She is wearing large, ornate, multi-tiered earrings. The background is a dark, patterned fabric. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of her face and the texture of the dress.

Jacqueline de Ribes in 1983
wearing her own design,
AUTUMN-WINTER 1983-84

Photograph by Victor Skrebneski



Yves Saint Laurent,
AUTUMN-WINTER 1977-78



Christian Dior
by Marc Bohan,
SPRING-SUMMER 1967



Jean Paul Gaultier,
SPRING-SUMMER 1999

JACQUELINE DE RIBES HAS AN actual title—she's Jacqueline, Countess de Ribes—and she's been given many more. "Reigning Queen of Paris," for example, and "Empress of Café Society." Unlike the formal title, which she was both born with and married into, the others she earned over 86 years of totally over-the-top living, doing things like arriving very late for dinner dressed in a Turkish disguise. Her father-in-law once described her as a cross between a Russian princess and a showgirl from the Folies Bergère.

De Ribes had a dark, if privileged, childhood in wartime France. There were châteaux, sure, but there were also Gestapo staying in them, and her parents were as glacial as they were glamorous—she often says that as a child she was kissed only once.

At 18, fresh out of the convent, she married Edouard de Ribes, and a particularly flamboyant uncle took her to buy some dresses at Christian Dior ("I'm the last customer on Earth who remembers the actual Christian Dior," she points out). What followed was a lifetime of haute couture patronage (Dior, Jean Dessès, Emanuel Ungaro, Yves Saint Laurent) and attendance at a never-ending cycle of charity galas and *bals masqués*.

De Ribes is unusually beautiful, with a long, graceful neck and a big, distinctive nose that inspired Richard Avedon (who photographed her dozens of times at the suggestion of Diana Vreeland) to express pity for all the other girls in the world with noses less extreme. Soon, lots of people were calling her Nefertiti.

As a fashion client, she could be quite imperial. "I always wanted bigger sleeves or shorter sleeves," she says. "And they always said okay. They knew that Monsieur Saint Laurent would always agree with me." Then, at age 53, de Ribes began her own label, picking up clients in America (Barbara Walters, for one), Tokyo, and elsewhere with a collection that matched her lifestyle: black-tie dresses with long sleeves and necklines, but also suggestive panels of sheer black lace. When her family refused to invest, she found backers on her own.

A few years ago, Harold Koda and Andrew Bolton from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute were invited to lunch at her Parisian *hôtel particulier* and discovered an astonishing cache of perfectly preserved couture. On



Armani Privé,
SPRING-SUMMER 2005



Pierre Balmain,
AUTUMN-WINTER 1962-63



Madame Grès,
SPRING-SUMMER 1970

November 19, an exhibition opens featuring clothes from all the major couture houses as well as from her own line.

At 86, the countess is a great-grandmother of three and still quite busy in Paris. She was widowed several years ago and mourns her husband deeply. “My real admirer was my husband,” she says. “He was wonderful, and I am just so sad without him every single day.” She still keeps up with fashion (she likes the new team at Valentino) and has lots to say about style. Like on the topic of vulgarity: “First of all, loudness in general is vulgar. You can have loudness in so many ways. The way you move, the way you talk. If you laugh too loudly, it’s vulgar.” And on sex appeal: “You must remember that you’re never going to be sexy for everyone. You are sexy for someone, and for

someone else you are not. Being totally nude is not sexy. The art of being sexy is to suggest. To let people have fantasy.”

Asked whether, in all her titled years, she ever made a fashion mistake, she has this to say: “My mirror is my best adviser. Once I did make a mistake. There was a great hairdresser in Paris named Alexandre, and he was going to have a story on him in *Life* magazine. He said, ‘Could you give me the great favor that I will do your hair in front of the camera of *Life*?’ But then, after, when I saw the pictures, I discovered that I had hair up in the air and I was covered with too many diamonds! I only did it to be nice to him. And I hope he was happy.”

The Met show is a couture lover’s dream. These clothes were made perfectly, and they were worn in the context for which

they were intended, a context that doesn’t really exist anymore. No one would’ve thought to whip out cameras at the parties de Ribes attended for most of her life, an idea almost inconceivable in an age when the whole point of fashion can sometimes feel like providing fodder for Instagram. There was never an ounce of democracy in any piece of this wardrobe, and now here it is, available for the world to lay eyes on. “My upbringing was always to be discreet,” de Ribes says. “When you are an aristocrat, you are not supposed to be in the press, so of course for me, this thing of being in a museum makes me go back in time—for the past 20 years, I have been very calm, and now to go back in the press when you are an old lady—I will just say that it is a very wonderful feeling.” ■

THE
CUT



Guy Laroche,
SPRING-SUMMER 1962



Jacqueline de Ribes
wearing the
Laroche gown at
home in 1963.

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get 2 perks

get all 4

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STRATEGIST

A PET SHOP WITH A HUMAN CAFÉ A FLAT-PACK-SOFA START-UP REPETTO'S FIRST U.S. STORE
..... PLATT ON BRUNO PIZZA AN ORANGE APPLE TART
..... ACTUALLY TASTY BLACK-AND-WHITE COOKIES

WINTER TRAVEL

Vacation After Dark

p. 68

ONE WAY TO IMMERSE yourself in a foreign city is by exploring the museums, shopping the back alleys, and dining on Michelin-starred lunches and blogged-about pastries. Another way is to have fun like the locals do: in a bar (or several). We polled native nightlife lovers in London, Bangkok, Palm Springs, and beyond to tell us their go-to dives, mid-aughts R&B dance dens, and elegant hotel lounges. Starting on page 68, there's also the latest on the après-ski front, some multiday festivals that aren't Burning Man, and nightlife bigwigs' picks for the best party in the world right now.

*Body Party at
Miranda
inside the Ace
Hotel London
Shoreditch.*

Photograph by Taylor Kay

BEST BETS

FIRST LOOK

Microsoft will open its first flagship store—five stories, six years in the making—on October 26 (677 Fifth Ave.).

Answer desks: Complimentary PC tune-ups; personal training for all Microsoft software and hardware.

Video screen: A massive Microsoft monitor—30 feet and two stories tall—displays new products like the Microsoft Band 2 fitness band (\$250).

Laptops: Microsoft Surface Books (\$1,499) and Lenovo ThinkPad touchscreens (\$1,099).

Phones: Lumia 950 (\$550) and 950 XL (\$650), the first to support Windows 10 software.

Video games: Xbox One (from \$350) with games like Halo (\$50) to play on video walls with surround sound.

Community center: Two 30-person theaters for Girls Who Code classes and NFL-player talks.

Tablets: Surface Pro 4 (from \$899) available for the first time on opening day.

MOVING IN

On November 24, **Jean-Marc Gaucher**, the CEO of French ballet-inspired brand **Repetto**, will open its first Stateside shop (400 W. Broadway).

"We were thinking about the days when we would custom-design shoes for Brigitte Bardot and Serge Gainsbourg. The store presents our first line of heels, which includes the fringed Virgin Tutu (\$895), with '60s-inspired ostrich feathers. We'll still have the ballet flats that we're known for—there will be an atelier where people can customize them in 250 colors—and the rest of the shop is ballet-inspired, too. We'll also have taffeta skirts and shop clerks who are professional dancers."



THREE IN ONE

Astoria's new **Chateau Le Woof** (30-02 14th St.) is a pet shop that offers happy hour for dogs and also a café for humans.



①

EAT

Single-origin La Colombe drip coffee (\$2), and tuna niçoise salads (\$9) and hummus-avocado sandwiches (\$7) packaged off-site and served at a countertop café.



②

FEED

Weruva gluten-free canned steak-frites (\$2.50) and the Honest Kitchen's Icelandic catfish-skin dog treats (\$13) in an outdoor faux-grass-covered dog dining area.



③

PLAY

In-store doggy frolicking from seven to eight every evening (from \$3) and weekend birthday parties (from \$35 per hour), plus private training sessions (prices vary by trainer).

2x2

➔ **Sophisticated Halloween Candy**

Trick or treat for the Goop set.

REESE'S ALTERNATIVE

STARBURST ALTERNATIVE

SWEET



Unreal milk-chocolate peanut-butter cups, \$5 per bag at Whole Foods.



Torie & Howard assorted-flavors fruit chews, \$5 per bag at torieandhoward.com.

SAVORY-SWEET



Wild Ophelia smoked-salt peanut-butter cups, \$4 at Gourmet Garage.



Flaver popcorn candies, \$14 per case at flavercandies.com.

DECONSTRUCTION

Launching in November: the \$995 flat-pack **Campaign sofa** (campaignliving.com).

Velcro-bound pure-cotton covers are layered with foam, for easy cleaning or switching among five color options.

Back cushions have a 50-50 mixture of pillowlike down and supportive polyester.

A **no-tools-necessary assembly** allows for the couch to be broken down and rebuilt in minutes, should you be moving into a new apartment.



The recyclable-steel inner frame, **manufactured by the company that creates Tesla parts**, connects the arms, back, and base like Legos.

Seat cushions are filled with a high-density, sag-resistant, two-pounds-per-cubic-foot polyurethane foam.

Solid maple legs and straight lines are inspired by American mid-century furniture.

TOP FIVE

➔ **Wanderlustre** (419 Court St., Carroll Gardens) carries scrap-metal birds and shell-covered chests that **Katy Grogan Ivanfy** finds in her travels.



"A street artisan who works in a parking lot in Johannesburg makes these **metal bird sculptures** (from \$200). They look glamorous, which is ironic considering their origins."



"This **quilted patchwork flag** (\$700) was made by the Fante Asafo community in Ghana. I think it would be cool thrown over a chair or hung on the wall in a kids' room."



"This **Kuba box** (\$950) is encrusted with beads and cowrie shells. I've been scanning the internet for another one, but I haven't been able to find anything like it."



"The underside of this **chandelier** (\$960) has a star pattern, so the light shines through little tiny holes that have a textured effect."



"A combination of two of my favorite things: **gemstones** and **fragrance soap** (from \$12). The pink looks like rose quartz and smells like grapefruit."

THE LOOK BOOK

ANNA STEGLICH,
*Retired Deputy Clerk
and Equestrian*

What did you do as a clerk?

I processed paperwork and handled cases from beginning to end. I actually worked on the Bernie Madoff case, which I didn't like. It was annoying—not only was he so awful, but there was so much paperwork!

How did you get into horses? Back in the '80s, this woman on the subway asked me for directions to Astoria. We started talking, and I thought she just had the greatest life ever, living on a ranch in Montana. We ended up exchanging addresses, writing each other letters, and I went with my kids to visit her. She's now my best friend, and I'll go out there about once a year. About nine years ago, I bought my own horse, and now I ride three times a week. I also bought three houses in Montana, which I rent out. As they say in Monopoly, three houses, then you get a hotel!

INTERVIEW BY
ALEXIS SWERDLOFF



LIGHTNING ROUND

Neighborhood:

Forest Hills. Siblings:

Five. "All women, including my fraternal twin sister and another set of twins." Belt: "I got it in Montana and added my own ingredients: roses and a gold A."

Horse's name: *Doc.*

Favorite restaurant:

"Pizza Classica in Glendale. I usually get a salad with grilled chicken." Favorite movie: "Anything with Clint Eastwood."



Bruno Pizza

Extra Soubise, Please

At the experimental, DIY Bruno Pizza, you'll find pies to contemplate and vegetable compositions to decode, along with some very tasty food.

BY ADAM PLATT

IF THE GREAT EGGHEAD German philosopher Georg Hegel were alive today (and a regular at Momofuku), he might point out that the world of restaurants is currently experiencing a moment of historic, dialectical change. Over the last several months, the Age of the Carnivore has officially given way to its antithesis, the Age of the Vegivore. Chefs who once talked romantically about their time butchering hogs back in Alsace are now opening raw-juice bars and espousing the glories of knobbly winter turnips. Bowls (preferably filled with chia seeds and kale) have replaced good old plates as the chalice of choice in trendy downtown cafés (and even trendy fast-food joints). Among members of the breakfast cognoscenti, avocados have replaced (gasp) bacon as the side dish du jour, and although burgers retain their ageless allure, the one everyone's talking about these days happens to be made of mashed carrots and quinoa instead of good old-fashioned beef.

Now, with the opening of Bruno on 13th Street, just southeast of the Union Square Greenmarket, it's pizza's turn. Not that Bruno, which is the brainchild of two

young chefs named Justin Slojkowski and Dave Gulino, is either a vegetarian restaurant or a pizza joint, exactly. With spare whitewashed walls, a long gunmetal bar, and seats fashioned from what appear to be an assortment of peach crates and wooden boxes, the narrow, flatly lit railroad space feels like a recently installed salad bar at your local CrossFit gym. Sure, there's meat on the menu (lamb, diver scallops, some shreds of ham), but the flour for the pies is laboriously milled in-house, the majority of vegetal toppings are rigorously seasonal, and the "Market" antipasti section of the menu is chocked with refined Greenmarket trophy items like opal basil, Japanese hakurei turnips, and Fairy Tale eggplants dusted with "nutritional yeast."

The Fairy Tale eggplant can be a tiny thing as big as your thumb but more tender than other varieties. They're pan-seared and finished in the oven at this vegetable-forward dining establishment, and served with crinkled shishito peppers and a sticky tar-colored emulsion made from cashews and a strange dark substance called vegetable ash. I don't quite know what purpose this emulsion served

(or the nutritional yeast, for that matter), but the eggplant and the peppers were so fresh and well prepared that we kept popping them into our mouths until they were gone. The shreds of mackerel crudo (cured in bonito and pooled in a puddle of buttermilk) weren't quite so popular, although other dutifully local seafood dishes (rings of Long Island squid flavored with sumac and served in cups of charred cipollini, seared scallops plated over a thatch of late-summer beans) disappeared from the table in minutes.

If this doesn't sound like your uncle Tony's favorite corner pizza joint, that's because it isn't. With its stark décor and ever-evolving market-driven menu, Bruno doesn't even seem like a fully formed restaurant yet, and you get the feeling that the obsessive young cooks like it that way. They have a taste for experimentation and a habit of building things from the ground up (the nutritious, seed-stuffed house bread costs \$18 and took two years of tinkering), which means, inevitably, that some dishes are a bit of a mess. Many of these reside in the pasta section, which included a bland bucatini muffled in an avalanche of appropriately seasonal Greenmarket ingredients (corn, onions, and squash blossoms, to name just a few), and a wet bowl of twirly cavatappi noodles, which the kitchen overloads in a similar way with clam bellies, bone marrow, wet sheets of collard greens, and too much bacon.

The pizzas, once they finally arrive, are also a little uneven, although the best of them are worth the price of admission. The crust has a husky whole-wheat color (and, since the flour is used the day it's

★★
Bruno Pizza
204 E. 13th St.,
nr. Third Ave.
212-598-3080
brunopizzanyc.com

★★★★ ETHEREAL

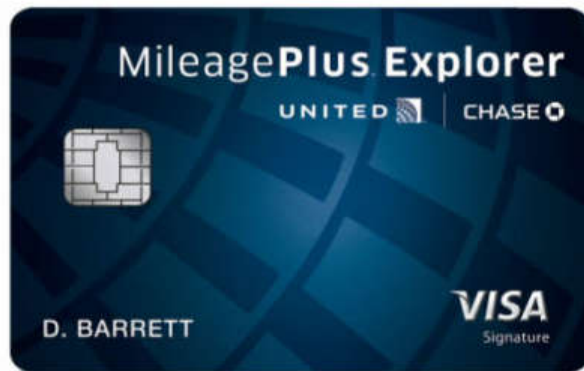
★★★★ EXCEPTIONAL

★★★★ EXCELLENT

★★ VERY GOOD

★ GOOD

NO STARS NOT RECOMMENDED



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Orange Tart Made Out of Apples

milled, a variable, homemade taste), and some Greenmarket toppings cohere better than others. Some guests at the table weren't so enamored of the dill-and-ranch dressing drizzled over the house pepperoni ("I don't like a pizza that smells like gravlax," said one), and the "Summer Greens" pie that I sampled one evening tasted more like a random selection of garden greens slapped over some ricotta than an actual pizza pie. The mushroom pizza is a little work of art, however (it's topped with béchamel and three kinds of mushrooms), and so were the spicy pork and tomato (spread with a schmear of soft, spicy nduja sausage) and the lamb, which is dressed with roasted slivers of fennel, lamb coppa, and a barely visible scrim of sweet, properly oniony soubise.

These unorthodox Greenmarket pies are sizzled the old-fashioned way at Bruno, in a Neapolitan-style wood-burning oven, and, unlike at many pizza joints around town, you can wash them down with an impressive selection of well-considered mostly natural and Italian wines. There are only two ice-cream desserts on the menu, and, like some of the pizzas, they are almost as interesting to contemplate as they are to eat. The house gelato has a fluffy quality, like whipped cream, but instead of the usual lemon peels or coffee beans, it's flavored with rose geranium and plated over a nice blueberry compote, with a streak of bee pollen on the side. Even better, though, is the sorbet, which was made from fresh stone fruit the evening I sampled it and tasted faintly of mezcal. It's garnished with red-veined sorrel leaves and little slats of meringue touched with a substance called amchoor, which, in case you didn't know, is a powder from the north of India made from green mangoes.

SCRATCHPAD

One star for the best of the vegetable-forward dishes and another for the best of the rustic pies.

BITES

IDEAL MEAL: Fairy Tale eggplant and/or diver scallops, mushroom and/or lamb pizza, stone-fruit sorbet. **NOTE:** Bruno is the latest hip little restaurant in town to join the no-tip movement, to the general benefit of everyone involved. **OPEN:** Nightly for dinner. **PRICES:** \$12 to \$23.

When Maury Rubin opened the City Bakery 25 years ago, there was no pretzel croissant, or chocolate-white-chocolate-chip cookie, or raspberry-bran muffin. At that time, the focus was "incredibly, strictly French," says Rubin, speaking of his riffs on pastries he learned during a yearlong apprenticeship in Paris. These included a roster of tarts made with a simultaneous reverence for French tradition (in the form of a classic *pâte sucrée* tart shell) and a renunciation of it (no eggs or gelatin in the custards; unusual flavor combinations; forthright naming conventions). For the next five months, to mark the bakery's silver anniversary, Rubin will excavate these recipes from his archives and rotate them through his repertoire. The Orange Tart Made Out of Apples was on the opening-day menu, but according to Rubin, who considers it a symbol of the bakery's modern, whimsical, Greenmarket-linked approach, "it hasn't aged one bit."

R.R. & R.P.

On the anniversary menu at the City Bakery; \$7.50; 3 W. 18th St., nr. Fifth Ave.; 212-366-1414.



Rubin infuses orange zest into sugar and cream for his custard, which flavors the apples as they bake. The lack of thickeners makes his tarts messy to eat, which, according to him, is as it should be. "Bakery pastry is eaten with your hands."

He's always been partial to Mutsu apples and to Breezy Hill Orchard, one of his first Greenmarket connections. "City Bakery's fruit tarts took New York bakeries out of canned fruit," he says.

The crisp, short tart-dough recipe was one of three master doughs Rubin learned in Paris, along with croissant dough and puff pastry. At the time, a simple bottomless tart ring rather than a fluted pan was considered somewhat radical.

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Tacombi Bleecker Street

255 Bleecker St., at Cornelia St.; 646-964-5984

THE STAR OF THE MENU at this, the latest project from the Mexican-street-food obsessive Dario Wolos and executive chef Jason Debriere, is the panucho (pictured), which you might consider the Yucatecan precursor to the hot pocket. To whip up a panucho Tacombi style, a housemade tortilla is puffed on the griddle, gently split, filled with a mash of Rancho Gordo beans, crisp-fried, then topped with slow-roasted pork, tomato, and pickled onion. Another highlight sure to pique the interest of antojitos aficionados is the salbute—like a puffer, unstuffed panucho, topped with pollo asado and all the fixin's. Rounding things out are tacos, plus snacky starters like esquites, sopa de lima, and, of course, guacamole with housemade totopos (otherwise known as tortilla chips).

Cozinha Latina

37 Greenpoint Ave., at West St.,
Greenpoint; 347-889-7739

SHANNA PACIFICO earned her nose-to-tail bona fides under Peter Hoffman at Savoy and Back Forty, where she butchered whole animals in the basement. Then, at the short-lived Pacifico's Fine Foods in Crown Heights, the Brazilian-American chef took inspiration from her own heritage—an approach she'll reprise at Cozinha Latina, her new partnership with (among others) Josh Cohen, the Brooklyn restaurateur behind Anella. Myriad Latin American influences pervade the menu, but Brazil makes its presence known with a collard-greens salad, pão de queijo, a picanha steak, and the telltale trail of farofa crumbs. (Weekend feijoada parties are planned for the upstairs bar, opening later this year.) To drink, there is the compulsory caipirinha, plus Planter's Punch on draft and an "Illegal Mezcay Espresso," pictured below.



EVENT

The Carbo-Loaders Are Coming



FOR CERTAIN PASTA-CENTRIC restaurants, the night before the New York City Marathon is like Valentine's and Mother's Day combined. Take Sara Jenkins's Porsena. One November evening two years ago, Jenkins discovered that her East Village trattoria had been overrun by an international mob of athletic-looking types who devoured enough linguine and maccheroncini to feed a small

Italian army. "I was astounded," says Jenkins. What led them to Porsena? "I think they just Googled 'pasta restaurants NYC.'" Last year, like a swarm of locusts, the carbo-loaders returned. This year, Jenkins has devised a special menu for them. After quizzing her runner friends, she learned that "marathoners are looking to bulk up with complex carbs and starchy vegetables—not too much meat and not too

much fat." Thus her \$55 Marathon prix fixe includes four half-portion of solid starch: pumpkin risotto, bucatini con cicoria, pennette al cavolfiore, and rigatoni con patate, plus a multigrain salad, and poached pears for dessert. Jenkins doesn't guarantee the meal will allow you to break any records, but we're betting it will be delicious. (October 29 through 31; porsena.com.)

R. R. & R. P.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIRZAH BROTT/NEW YORK MAGAZINE (COZINHA). ILLUSTRATION BY CLAIRE MCCracken.



Black and whites from Sadelle's.

The Black-and-White-Cookie Conundrum

Why is it so hard to make a good one?

BY ROBIN RAISFELD AND ROB PATRONITE

IN HIS 2004 book *New York City Food*, Arthur Schwartz writes, “Black and Whites were never very good, and nowadays they’re worse.” This might sound like harsh criticism for a food that seems to inspire nostalgia-fueled longing in most sentient beings. But the sad truth is these cookies—drop cakes, actually, said to have originated in central New York at the turn

of the 20th century—can be disappointing, with dry, flavorless innards and junky fondant glaze. Still, their association with the city’s old-world bakeries is motivation enough for chefs and bakers to tweak the form and improve upon the old model. Witness this summer’s launch of the Black & Walt ice-cream sandwich, a collaboration between Ample Hills Creamery and Baked bakery. Or the Russ & Daughters Café’s black-and-white sundae, consisting of

black-and-white-cookie-batter ice cream, half-coated with a chocolate shell, and garnished with a house-baked black and white. Compared to them, Sadelle’s baker Melissa Weller’s 2 ¾-inch lemon-zested, butter-milk-enriched minis seem positively demure. Online bakery Mah-Ze-Dahr reinterprets the icon as a tender-crisp snickerdoodle coated with dark chocolate and stylishly drizzled with white. And the black and whites on Eleven Madison Park’s New

York-inspired tasting menu are more symbol than faithful reproduction, appearing as savory *amuse-bouche* to start (currently, a Cheddar-and-apple construction with white-butter and black-vegetable-ash glazes) and as more conventionally iced oatmeal shortbread to finish. They may not be “authentic,” but when it comes to black-and-white cookies, that might be a good thing.

A vibrant nightclub scene with a DJ at the top wearing headphones and a red shirt, pointing upwards. Below him, a diverse crowd of people is dancing and socializing. The room has ornate, patterned wallpaper and warm lighting. The text "WINTER TRAVEL 2015" is overlaid in a small box.

WINTER TRAVEL 2015

Vacation After Dark

Have a great night, in multiple time zones.





A night out with **Kitsi Sebati**, trend analyst.

JOHANNESBURG

Disco dance parties, vibe-y prosecco spots.



"HISTORICALLY, DOWNTOWN was Johannesburg's business hub, and after apartheid, it started to fall apart. But about six years ago, everyone started flocking to this place in Braamfontein, **Kitchener's Carvery Bar** (71 Juta St.; 271-1403-0166), that's been around forever, with ancient carpets and velvet wallpaper. Hip-hop DJs started playing here, and upstairs suddenly became offices and studio spaces, which had a domino effect on the surrounding blocks. Within a few years, there were stores, offices, restaurants—all within walking distance of each other, which makes it ideal for going out, and it's actually gotten kind of safe. Next door to Kitchener's is **Great Dane** (5 De Beer St.; 271-1403-1136), which is hipster central and famous for its hot dogs. A lot of my friends will DJ there. It's funny how the two crowds are so different. Great Dane is a bit more 'vanilla.' Kitchener's is, I guess, more black folk. Once a month, they host this great disco party called Disco de Moda. I'll start my night jumping back and forth between the two spots. I also like this tiny new wine bar, **Ace + Pearl** (357 Jan Smuts Ave.), out in Craighall. It's an older crowd, and all the wine is from South Africa; I didn't even realize we made prosecco! If someone suggested taking me on a date here, I'd be like, 'Okay, cool.' From Thursday onward, it's quite vibe-y. For a nice dinner, I'll head to the North Side for tapas at **Escondido** (30 Rudd Rd.; 271-1268-0058); it's popular, so make a reservation. On most Friday nights, you can find me back downtown at **And** (39a Gwi Gwi Mrwebi St.) for the party ToyToy. The music is deep house—it's a real Berlin kind of club: underground, minimal lighting. You'll see art people, fashion people, and girls wearing crop tops and hot pants. My friends and I just dance all night and we have the best time."

AS TOLD TO ABBY SCHREIBER

➔ **WHERE SHE'D CRASH:** "The **Saxon Hotel** (from \$398; saxon.co.za) is a modern hotel full of locally handcrafted art and textiles. I go on mother-daughter dates here all the time. My mom and I usually start the day having brunch and then spend the rest of the afternoon at the spa. The high tea is also really lovely."



A night out with **Maft Sai**, owner of the record store and label Zudrangma and the bar Studio Lam.

Bangkok

Royal-palace Thai music, "hooligan boil rice."

"IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS, people have become much more open to different kinds of music and clubs here; it's not just the same old routine at Khaosan Road. You have the gothic, seedy places like **Dark Bar** (2/F, Ekkamai Mall; 662-381-9896), which is always packed with trendy fashion people listening to electronic music. And there are the places

focusing on cocktails; a new one called **Q&A** (235/13 Sukhumvit Soi 21; 669-4417-9898) mixes good rum and whiskey with its own homemade syrups. A little further out, in Chinatown, there's **SoulBar** (945 Charoen Krung Rd.; 669-5521-1541) for James Brown and jazz-funk and **Tep Bar** (Room 69-71, Soi Nana; 669-8467-2944) for traditional Thai music, like you'd hear playing in the royal palace hundreds of years ago. End the night with some "hooligan boil rice" and all the drunk people eating and shouting at **Saeng-chai Pochana** (762/5-6 Sukhumvit Rd.). There's like 400 side dishes to choose from, so I try to go with a lot of friends."

AS TOLD TO ANDREW PARKS

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "The **Atlanta Hotel** (from \$20; theatlantahotelbangkok.com) in the heart of downtown is easy to get back to after the party. It's an old-fashioned place with lots of charm, plus a sign in front of the hotel that says 'Sex Tourists Not Welcome.'"



DESTINATION COCKTAIL

"I Would Fly to Paris Just to ..."

"... Sit at the corner window table at **Le Mary Celeste** in the Marais and drink their **Marseillan cocktail**, made with vermouth, Suze, raspberry, cardamom, and pastis. A cocktail doesn't get much more French than that, and when in Paris, one must drink pastis in some form or another."

—NATASHA DAVID, CO-OWNER OF NITECAP ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE



Sleep off last night's pisco sours by the KiChic hotel pool.



Le Mary Celeste

A night out with **David Richey**, founder of creative consulting firm Not Normal Collective.



Palm Springs

Mommie Dearest bars, head-to-toe Pucci.

"I FEEL LIKE PALM SPRINGS is not any less of a party town than it was in the 'old days'—other than the fact that post-Ace Hotel and Coachella, younger people are actually moving in and starting businesses rather than just vacationing here. You'll see some young artist and an older woman dressed in head-to-toe Pucci partying together. It's so good! I'd start an evening with a Pod Thai cocktail at the tiny **Bootlegger Tiki** (1101 N. Palm Canyon Dr.; 760-318-4154) before heading over for crispy-beef noodles at midtown's **Rooster and the Pig** (356 S. Indian Canyon Dr.; 760-832-6691). Palm Springs gay bars can be heavy on the beefy, worked-out, white-guy techno music. I prefer our kitschy dive bars: The best is **SpurLine** (200 S. Indian Canyon Dr.; 760-778-4326), which projects movie clips. They'll pass out props like little wire hangers while *Mommie Dearest* is playing. If it's Thursday, I'll end things at the **Amigo Room at the Ace Hotel** (701 E. Palm Canyon Dr.; 760-325-9900), where DJ Day does a hip-hop-and-soul night called iReunión! You can order the fried-egg sandwich till midnight."

AS TOLD TO
CARRIE CULPEPPER



*Sparrows Lodge (top);
Bootlegger Tiki*

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "**Sparrows Lodge** (from \$129; sparrowslodge.com) feels like a chic mountain lodge but in the middle of the desert. And there's a communal fire pit."



A night out with **Juan Seminario**, owner of Sirena Café Bar, chef at La Sirena d' Juan, and surfer.

Mancora, Peru

Rowdy kite surfers, roving chorizo-pizza trucks.

"You're more likely to see bikini tops and flip-flops out at night in Mancora than high heels. On the main drag, at **Atelier Vino Bar** (Ave. Piura 360; 984-088-339), the décor is repurposed from things found in the trash—but with good taste—and there's live music and Champagne-based mojitos. A ten-minute moto-taxi ride from town gets you to Las Pocitas beach, where this new place, **El Tablón Grill** (Ave. Piura 324; 942-607-558), has the best pisco sours around. On Saturday nights, at a rowdy wooden shack called **Gilar Bar** (110 Malecón Principal; 969-291-122), kite surfers roll in barefoot right out of the water and dance to DJs who blast electronic music till 3 a.m. Look for the converted moto-taxi that's the roving offshoot of the restaurant **Pizza Nikitos** (Paseo Paita 148; 968-696-079); you can add toppings like chorizo." AS TOLD TO NICHOLAS GILL

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "The new **KiChic** (from \$200; kichic.com) is a wellness-oriented hotel on prime Las Pocitas beachfront with yoga and meditation sessions. Some of the rooms have private plunge pools."



FOUR LONDON NIGHTS DONE RIGHT

Before the Night Tube launches next year (24-hour train service on weekends), local Brits reveal the best neighborhoods for spending the wee hours. AS TOLD TO ABBY SCHREIBER



A night out with **Jack Fox**, actor.

Chelsea, Notting Hill, and Soho

Bowling with Jonathan Rhys Meyers.



I START MY NIGHT WITH **La Famiglia** (7 Langton St.; 207-351-0751), man! The Rolling Stones used to go there. Get the mozzarella wrapped in bread crumbs and then cooked in tomato sauce. It's like the worst stuff for you in the world, but it is just so good. I love a restaurant where you order a steak and they don't ask how you want it done, they just do it how it should be. It's quite an arty crowd, which is funny because it's in a nice part of Chelsea, but it's not ostentatious. My family always goes here for birthdays. My friend owns this Caribbean restaurant called the **Rum Kitchen** (6-8 All Saints Rd.; 207-920-6479), which has like 200 different types of rum. It's dangerous—but in a great way. There's a steel band there sometimes. You can never get reception because it's down in the basement. A place I like to go dancing is **La Bodega Negra** (9 Old Compton St.; 207-758-4100), a Mexican-themed restaurant and bar below a sex shop. People here get dressed for a night out. Everyone drinks a lot of tequila—they'll recommend that you order a bottle of Patrón for the table. Afterward, I'll end up at **Ham Yard Hotel** (1 Ham Yard; 203-642-2000) for some late-night bowling. The bowling alley is in the basement. All these places are in a basement! Apparently, if it's not in a basement, I'm not into it. They serve burgers and chips and beers. There's nothing better. We had the after-party for our play *Dear Lupin* there. Jonathan Rhys Meyers was there and was a really good bowler."

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "The **Park Lane Hotel** (from \$341; sheratonparklane.com). I had an anniversary there with a girlfriend, and it was quite nice. It's quintessentially English. The lobby is very grand—lots of gilt everywhere."



A night out with **Charles Jeffrey**, fashion designer and host of *Loverboy* at VFD.

Dalston

Sweating to the Spice Girls.

"I'LL GET DINNER AT **L'Entrepôt** (230 Dalston Ln.; 207-249-1176) for their great roast pigeon. Their crowd is really mixed; you'll see everyone from artsy couples to yummy mummies. My friends and I will usually end up at **VFD, a.k.a. Vogue Fabrics Dalston** (66 Stoke Newington Rd.), where I started my party *Loverboy* a year ago. The space is kind of a dungeon, very small, so it gets packed and sweaty, but that's the whole vibe of it. VFD also hosts *Straight Nasty*, which is usually the last Saturday of the month; they cover the



VFD

whole space in pink tinsel and play Britney Spears and the Spice Girls. It's kind of a Soho gay crowd—more mainstream, but in a good way. And then there's *Sassitude*, which is my friend's night that happens every two months on the last Friday of that month; it's a really girlie night with girlie disco. Then I'll get a chicken doner wrap at **Ali Baba** (144 Kingsland High St.; 207-249-4618), which is a good place to sit down and have a sobering-up meal."

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "**Claridge's** (from \$1,067; claridges.co.uk). They always have a fabulous Christmas tree, and you might bump into Elton John in the lift."



A night with **Kareem Reid**, artist, writer, and host of *Body Party* at the Ace Hotel.

Shoreditch and Peckham

Mid-2000s R&B parties.

"ORDER THE Redneck Candy—bourbon, salted caramel, and lemon juice—at **Shutterbug** (1 Rivington Pl.; 203-222-0518), which is this hidden-away place in a building that belongs to the Institute of International Visual Arts. It's very dark with low ceilings, and there's loads of candlelight, which makes it really romantic, although it seems like it's usually groups of artist friends hanging—but it's probably artists on dates with each other! After-hours, we'll go to **Rye Wax** (133 Rye Ln.; 207-732-3176), another basement spot, in the Bussey Building in Peckham, that has really cheap drinks. You'll find South London's skate scene mixed with young creatives in their 20s. It's only got a 100-person capacity, so no matter who's playing, it's always nice and intimate. It takes me back to the old sweaty basement raves that I used to like when I was younger. Go whenever there's a *Club Rez* party, which attracts a low-key crowd and plays slow mid-2000s R&B and club music."

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "**The Ace Hotel Shoreditch** (from \$303; acehotel.com/london) has become a central meeting point for East London creatives. And the restaurant, *Hoi Polloi*, is banging. Their fries are amazing—I can't stress that enough."



HOTEL

A night with **Lady Astor**, co-founder of the OKA furniture line.

MAYFAIR AND COVENT GARDEN

Dickensian wood-fired beef.

"MY IDEA OF A PERFECT evening is a cozy dinner at my son-in-law Tom Mullion's restaurant **Kitty Fisher's** (10 Shepherd Mkt.; 203-302-1661). The specialty is the Galician beef from their wood burner, and the style is reminiscent of a Dickensian cellar; it's deliciously intimate. I'd follow this up with a nightcap at the Art Deco-style **Colony Grill Room** (8 Balderton St.; 207-499-9499), where you're likely to see a few well-known faces. But my real treat is an evening at **Royal Opera House** in Covent Garden (Bow St.; 207-304-4000). It simply oozes glamour, and you get a sense that you're part of something that has always been."

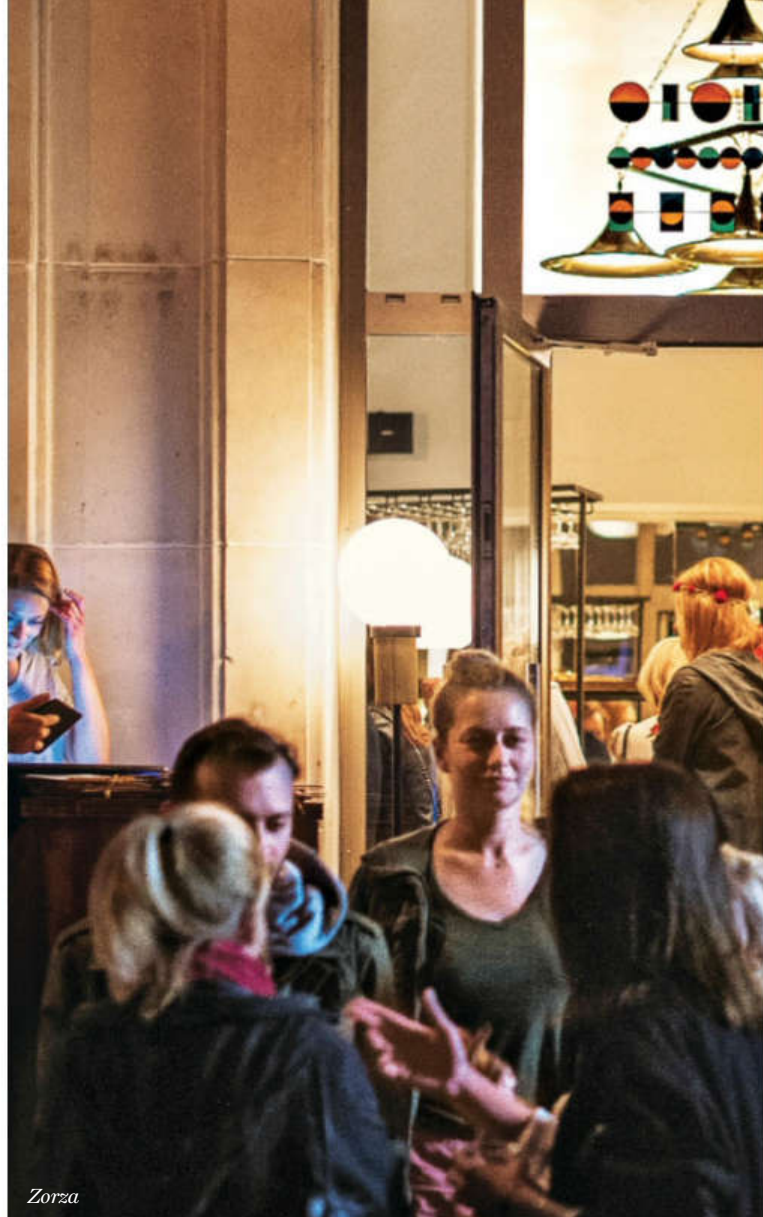
➤ WHERE SHE'D CRASH:
"The **Ham Yard Hotel** (from \$465; grandluxuryhotels.com) is a cornucopia of decorative ideas and fancies. The comfort is sublime."



“WHEN WE OPENED our club *Warszawa Powisle*, in 2009, there was a small group of people who went out, and I knew most of them. But as the Polish economy started to do well, people began traveling, coming back with ideas, and sort of re-created the experience of nightlife in other countries. Start an evening walking down *Oleandrów* in *Śródmieście*, where you can snack on Belgian fries at **Okienko** (*Polna 22; 606-816-012*). As this place got popular, other like-minded shops and bars have started opening here. At 5 p.m., **Mod** (*Oleandrów 8; 570-205-746*) switches from serving doughnuts to French-Asian cuisine—try the homemade ramen—until midnight. And there’s punk beer shop **Male Piwo** (*Oleandrów 4; 691-060-520*), which doubles as a low-key bar. Then head to **Oleandrów 3** (*Oleandrów 3; 508-316-974*), which has these weathered brick and plaster walls and serves mostly beer, Champagne, and hot dogs. In the winter, locals will pick one place to stay all night: Many people park it at **Zamieszanie** (*Nowy Świat 6/12*), located in the former Polish United Workers’ Party headquarters; it has cocktails on tap. Be sure to check if something’s going on at **barStudio** (*Plac Defilad 1; 603-300-835*). Owner Grzegorz Lewandowski’s parties are the kind of happenings where much of Warsaw’s avant-garde was born. He has a great talent for finding rising stars. They’ll throw these cool overintellectualized parties, like the saddest disco in town, where I’ve seen people actually cry on Friday night.”

AS TOLD TO JESS HOLL

➔ **WHERE HE’D CRASH:** “Within stumbling distance of all these places is **Autor Rooms** (from \$92; autorrooms.pl), a boutique hotel with four beautiful rooms furnished with all-Polish design, located in a classy prewar building.”



Delhi

*Caramel cocktails,
late-night mustard fries.*

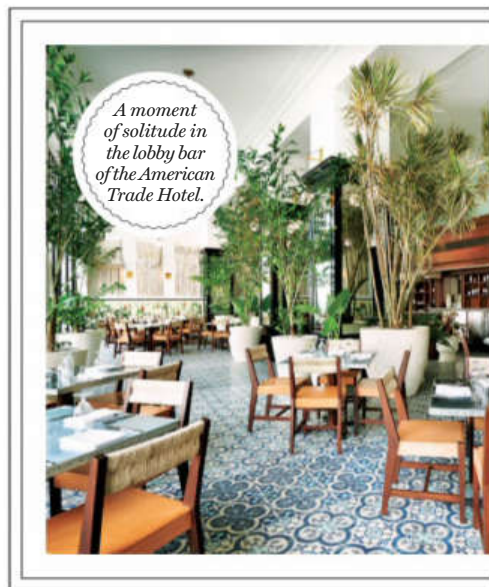
N.B.: “I’ve just moved back to Delhi after eight years in the U.K., and what’s different is how much cocktail culture has caught on. My go-to for a quiet late-night drink in *Khan Market* is **Perch** (*71 Khan Market; 837-397-6637*), which is only a few months old. I love the Santiago Sour, with rum, caramel, lemon, star anise, and egg white. At the end of the night, they’ve done this thing where they let you try all the leftover wine—it’s a wonderful list that pairs well with their French-inspired food like braised-pork salad—and they play indie folk

music, a lot of José González, which is a nice break from all the EDM you get in Delhi.”

P.G.: “My friends and I love to end our nights sinking into the couch at a beautiful hotel bar like **the Library at the Leela Palace** (*Diplomatic Enclave; 11-3933-1340*). Or, if we’ve been clubbing and fancy a carb overload, we head to Machan at the **Taj Mahal Hotel** (*1 Mansingh Rd.; 11-6656-6162*), where the décor is inspired by the tree-house-like *machans* that princes traditionally used to spot game while hunting tigers. Or, for something more airy, right above a store called Ogaan that sells hand-loomed saris alongside contemporary Indian designs, there’s **Coast Café** (*H2 Hauz Khas; 11-4160-1717*)—I grab a table on the third floor by the window and have a Moscow Mule with a side of mustard fries, which are to die for.”

AS TOLD TO SARAH KHAN

➔ **WHERE GILL WOULD CRASH:** “**The Lodhi** (from \$460; thelodhi.com), which has one of Delhi’s best spas. I also love the brunch at its restaurant, *On the Waterfront*, in winter, with the sun streaming in.”





BETTER THAN BURNING MAN

Festival-circuit regular Allie Silver of music management firm Free Radical Productions shares her favorite new international fêtes.

Festival Nómade February 10–15 Osorno Province, Chile

"It's held on the coast of Chile in a sacred Mapuche reserve, and festivalgoers trek through a rain forest to a hidden indigenous community, where they can stay with the locals. You can expect to find yourself at an all-night barefoot dance party on the beach followed by sunrise yoga on no sleep. There are no borders between the musicians—like the Argentine singer Balvina Ramos—and the audience."

Carnaval de Bahidórá February 20 and 21 Morelos, Mexico

"There's a lazy river that runs through this 24-hour party where De La Soul and Modelsektor played last year; you can swim between the grass dance floor and the DJ booth. And there are these secret events where they just grab people and take them to a

hidden mezcal ceremony."

Radio Meuh Circus Festival March 30–April 3 La Clusaz, France

"This festival takes place in a mountain town nestled in the Alps. Hit the mountain during the day; come down to the circus tents at night to see musicians like La Yegros and DJ Osunlade.

A snowplow brought us to the mountainside after-party with a jaw-dropping view."

Further Future April 29–May 1 Moapa River Indian Reservation, Nevada

"If you feel Burning Man has jumped the shark, this is a good alternative. You can still feel like you're in a postapocalyptic dance rave. Similar music (its first edition featured Hundred Waters and Bob Moses) same crowd, same free spirit, and an incredible location, with the stunning backdrop of the Mojave Desert."

AS TOLD TO
IAN EPSTEIN



Carnaval de Bahidórá



A night out with **Mario Castellón**, restaurateur (Maito, Humo, Botanica) and creator of Menu Panama.

Panama City, Panama

Bars like your friend's apartment, sobering sancocho.

"IN PANAMA you'll find everything from rich Venezuelans ordering bottle service at the Hard Rock to divey roof terraces with cheap beer. I usually like to start the night somewhere down the middle, in Casco Viejo, the part of town that dates to the 1600s, where you can explore the Mercado de Mariscos and the Panama Canal Museum before hitting the town. I'll have a Manhattan in the lobby bar of the **American Trade Hotel** (Plaza Herrera; 507-211-2000), which is also home to Danilo's, the best jazz club in the city. Afterward, I'll Uber it over to **El Apartamento** (Ave. Federico Boyd; 507-269-7877), an unmarked bar in a two-story yellow house that's like going to the crappy apartment of a friend. And I might pop into a casino before heading to **Costa Azul** (Calle Ricardo Arias; 507-269-0409) for homey Panamanian food like sancocho or hojaldre to soak up the booze." AS TOLD TO NICHOLAS GILL

➔ **WHERE HE'D CRASH:** "The landmark **American Trade Hotel** (from \$175; acehotel.com/panama) has bright tiles, high ceilings, and a pool on the terrace."



15 EXCELLENT PARTIES

DJs, promoters, and other after-dark experts nominate (not-too-Zoolander) nights, from Belgrade to Beirut.

1 KINGSTON, JAMAICA
Mojito Mondays. "It's in a parking lot in the back of Susie's Bakery on South Avenue, and everyone in the dancehall scene goes. You'll see people like Popcaan and Beenie Man with their crews standing around on the periphery, and as you go toward the center, people start dancing. Every few months, there are new popular dancehall moves, so you can watch crews of like five guys performing the latest synchronized dances."
—Dre Skull, DJ

2 BEIRUT, LEBANON
Beirut Groove Collective parties. "Beirut Groove Collective, a group of DJs and musicians, throws these parties every few weeks at different locations throughout the country—in vacant old houses, beaches, clubs. One party I went to on the beach involved lots of grilled meats and skinny-dipping in the moonlight and dancing in bathing suits on beach loungers."
—Shirine Saad, writer

3 MIAMI, FLORIDA
Peachfuzz parties. "This hip-hop party is not very scene-y, so you'll see every kind of Miami person there, from older women having a girls' night out to young Latino goth kids. The vibe is really positive, the resident DJ is always on point, and everyone's cute. They're currently looking for a new permanent space, so the location is roving."
—Jubilee, DJ

4 BELGRADE, SERBIA
Mystic Stylez parties. "It's on a boat that just gets packed to the maximum, and they play mostly hip-hop and grime. It gets so crazy that the boat will actually start rocking. I've never seen anyone here on their cell phones."
—DJ Earl

5 SEOUL, KOREA
Friday nights at Cakeshop. "A tiny basement in Itaewon where underground experimental DJs from around the world play that reminds me of a London club in the middle of Asia, but the people get really ravey. The best drunk people I've ever witnessed party here."
—Ikonika, DJ



6 MEXICO CITY, MEXICO
NAAFI parties. "NAAFI is a group of DJs and producers in Mexico City who throw parties about once a month. They're sort of comparable to Ghe20G0th1k, in the sense that it's very cutting-edge club music. The people are all fashion-forward and avant-garde, but not too Zoolander. It's welcoming and fun."
—A-Trak, DJ

7 PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
Woody's Bar, Friday nights. "The long-running gay bar is just so unjudged and friendly, especially to a visiting big fish like me, and the place offers various ambiances for dancing or just hanging."
—Michael Musto, writer

8 PARIS, FRANCE
Yard parties. "They put on the raddest parties that take place year-round at venues like Wanderlust and Silencio; I've DJ'd here with everyone from Virgil Abloh to Supa, and the crowd is always an eclectic mix of all ethnicities and styles."
—Vashtie Kola, DJ

9 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
Big Fat Dick at Fubar, Thursday nights. "It's the only party in LA worth going to, in a small, seedy, East Village-esque bar, and they have a back room where you can take a dick selfie. At the end of the night, they project all the dick pics onto a big screen, and the crowd votes for their favorite."
—Tom Jackson and Abi Benitez, Gayletter editors

10 BERLIN, GERMANY
Berghain, Saturday nights. "You walk in there, and it changes you. From the handpicked crowd to the unseen staff to the atmosphere and the space itself, the music, the lighting, the ever-changing little surprises like a tiny ice-cream bar and the sex rooms—everything just adds up to you forgetting what time it is and walking out of there to a reality outside that has



nothing to do with what you just saw." —Seva Granik, promoter

11 DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Haute to Death, every third Saturday at Temple Bar. "This was one of the first parties to pop up in Detroit once the new wave of younger artists started moving here, and it has become the no-frills standby with good house, disco, and funk music. Rarely will more than 100 people show up to any given party in Detroit, but you always know this is going to be a bigger turnout."
—Joey Zlanes, DJ

12 ZURICH, SWITZERLAND
Wifey parties. "It's usually in a bar called Longstreet, and people from all over Switzerland will take the train in for it. It's not just fist-pumping and drinking beer—the last time I DJed, there was karaoke. It's really fun to end the night singing 'The Boy Is Mine' at the top of your lungs."
—Ma Nguzu, DJ

13 MILAN, ITALY
Punks Wear Prada at Santa Tecla Club, Friday nights. "This is a weekly party started and run by a woman named Natasha Slater, and it's always three steps ahead of the rest of the music and fashion scene."
—Mia Moretti, DJ



14 TORONTO, CANADA
Bevstmode parties. "It's a regular roving party; the vibe is very dark, leather, and there's always a mosh pit when they start playing the heavy trap. Kanye was swinging off the pipes at their last party at the Hoxton."
—Jay Strut, DJ

15 DERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND
Jika Jika! at the Bunker, Saturday nights. "The Bunker is this indoor parking garage, and people are dancing all the way down a huge ramp, and then the DJ is playing at the bottom. Everyone is just super-happy and well-behaved, not obnoxiously drunk or out of control."
—Danny Tenaglia, DJ



WHAT'S NEW IN APRÈS-SKI?

Because hitting the slopes is just an excuse to get sauced.



SOUTH LAKE TAHOE, CALIFORNIA

For the past few seasons, **Heavenly Mountain Resort** has been bringing the dance party to the mountain with DJ Cat, a sound system mounted on a retired snow-grooming machine. Meanwhile, South Lake Tahoe proper is in the midst of a renaissance: There's McP's Taphouse, an Irish pub with live music, and SLT Brewing Co., a brewpub, opening this December.

BAIE-SAINT-PAUL QUEBEC

Until recently, this town was better known for its boutiques and art galleries than its nightlife. But the arrival of the high-end **Le Germain Hotel Charlevoix** changed things. Today, a train shuttles guests directly from the ski mountain to the hotel, where PizzaFest—wood-fired pies served alongside a live DJ—goes down on weekends.

WHISTLER BRITISH COLUMBIA

A most sophisticated scene: **The Winemaker's Après Series** brings top vintners to lead wine-and-food pairings at Whistler Blackcomb's various on-site restaurants. New for 2015 are nearby Basalt Wine + Salumeria and the Spanish-leaning Bar Oso. **JAYME MOYE**



PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF BEIRUT GROOVE COLLECTIVE (BGC); ALESSIO CONSTANTINO (PUNKS WEAR PRADA); SUZIE SELMAN/INSTAGRAM (BERGHAIN); COURTESY OF OATH (OATH)



Partying at Oath.

A night out with **Sapphire Slows**, singer and producer.

TOKYO

Record-store beers, dancing in an old movie theater.



“THERE’S THOUSANDS OF hidden places to party in Tokyo, and the only way to find your favorites is to talk to people and explore. The JR Yamanote rail line takes you to all the main neighborhoods. Or you can bike or take a cab—though I recommend sharing a cab with friends, since they’re expensive. My

friends and I like to go clubbing in Shibuya, where the city’s alternative culture was born. But before that, I’d start the night with a couple of beers at the record store **Big Love** (*Houei Bldg. 3F-A, 2-31-3 Jingumae; 813-5775-1315*), then go to a cheap *izakaya* like **Yukari** (*1-21-12 Jingumae; 813-5785-4100*) and have \$3 beers or highballs and some fried chicken. And then the clubs: The mood and the crowd are always different at **Dommune** (*Sunrise Bldg. B1F; 813-6427-4533*), where only the first 50 people to register on their website can enter; it’s a very minimal, all-black atmosphere, and the DJs are known for their underground electronic music, which is all streamed online. **Soup** (*B1, 3-9-10 Shimo-Ochiai; 813-5785-4100*), in the basement of an old Japanese public bath, is also weird and interesting. **WWW** (*13-7 Udagawacho;*

813-5458-7685) has an insane Funktion-One sound system and used to be a movie theater, so there’s a stage in front of the screen and you can dance on the stairs. And then just keep dancing to the house music and have \$5 drinks at **Oath** (*Aoyama Bldg. 1F, 4-5-9 Shibuya; 813-5888-5847*), which can stay open until 6 or 7 a.m. Or, if you want people who are less loud and energetic, there’s the dimly lit **Orbit** (*B1F, 5-28-9 Taishido*), where you take your shoes off before you enter, sit on a cushion, and sip on great drinks like hot rum chai. At the end of the night, go get ramen—anywhere.”

AS TOLD TO ANDREW PARKS

➔ **WHERE HE’D CRASH:** “Capsule hotels are fun; there’s one really big one with a spa in Shinjuku called **Green Plaza** (from \$38; hgpsinjuku.jp/en), about a 10-to-15-minute cab ride from Shibuya.”

**"CLIVE OWEN, EVE BEST & KELLY REILLY
GENERATE SUCH HEAT, YOU MAY NEED A COLD SHOWER AFTER THIS SHOW."**

NEW YORK POST



FINANCIAL TIMES

"EXHILARATING."

Keeps you guessing the whole time."

Entertainment

**"OWEN, BEST & REILLY BRANDISH THEIR
CIGARETTES WITH A GLAMOROUS FURY."**

There's evidence of real emotional embers smoldering among this talented ensemble, who are just waiting for the moment to turn into human flamethrowers.

I'VE SELDOM SEEN A CAST SO PALPABLY ENJOYING DELIVERING PINTER'S DIALOGUE."

The New York Times

Old Times

by *Harold Pinter* directed by *Douglas Hodge*

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The CULTURE PAGES



John Mellencamp Painted This

The curious enigma of celebrity artwork.

By JERRY SALTZ

The Strange (and Often Wonderful) Things We See When Celebrities Paint

By JERRY SALTZ

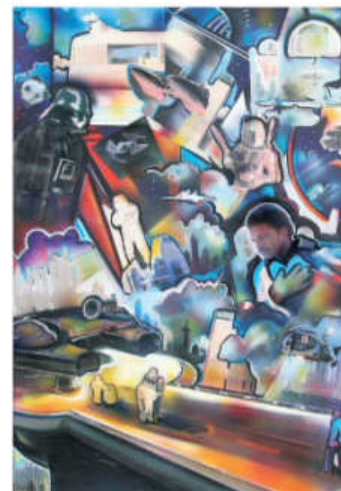
John Mellencamp's "THE ISOLATION OF MISTER" is at the ACA Galleries through December 19.

ON OCTOBER 22, John Mellencamp will open a new show. Not of songs at a concert but of paintings (an Arshile Gorky-influenced one of which is on the preceding page). The rock star is just the latest in a tumble of actors, singers, newscasters, and others of their famous ilk who feel the need to be seen, and taken seriously, as visual artists. I've written before about how freaked out I was contemplating the intense, almost village-idiot-like unself-conscious paintings of George W. Bush. For once, through his work, I got to peek inside his strange inner life. Could, I wondered, the same thing happen by looking at the work of entertainment celebrities, typically enshrined in their own publicity bell jars? Some of these boldfaced names range relatively far afield: Miley Cyrus has gone big into sculpture (and was compared by art impresario Jeffrey Deitch to Mike Kelley), and last year, Jay Z took a page from Marina Abramovic's performance act (full disclosure: I sort of fell for it). But most celebs, just like most people, seem to think of painting first when they think of art and, therefore, want to be painters themselves, painting their own masterpieces. Whether you see this as a blessing, curse, or sideshow farce, fame has become such a meta-subject and an American obsession that just the act of someone famous making a painting is thought to add kinky secret layers to the artist's image. (*That person, you begin to wonder, painted this?*) The work becomes souvenir, holy relic, tragic flaw.

But the work can also function like Instagram—a curated window into the inner life of the painter, to be sure, but still direct, and, occasionally, quite powerful. I marvel in the mystic crystal labyrinth of Bob Dylan's photo-realist paintings, to pick an example from the images at right. (He's an exception: Most celebrity painters seem oddly fixated on a certain Expressionistic slushiness, full of gaudy color, slashing lines, thick paint, representative of an idea of art similar to what other people's ideas of art have already been.) Of these artists, some have genuine talent. But mostly, this striking phenomenon is not really about the work itself. Clearly, stars see art as a way out of one thing and into another; a means to shape their personas and control the feed. At the same time, celebrity visual artists tell us what we already know: Art has broken through, into mass consciousness, as spectacle, social life, and money. It's the thing to do. Just like growing a beard. ■



SYLVESTER STALLONE
Straight out of 1980s neo-Expressionism, Julian Schnabel, and Jean-Michel Basquiat.



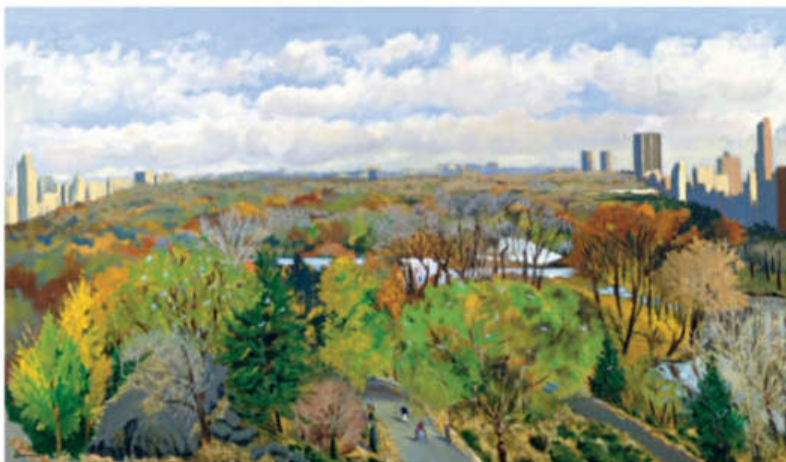
BILLY DEE WILLIAMS
Maybe the only painting ever made with Lando Calrissian sandwiched between Darth Vader and Yoda.



PAUL MCCARTNEY
A dripping Francis Bacon head with shades and shapes of Mark Rothko.



STEVIE NICKS
White dove, rainbow, kaleidoscopic sky, crystal balls, swan, and stars. We love you, Stevie.



TONY BENNETT
Old-school amateur Sunday painting; poshly beautiful view from Central Park South. Great pigeons in trees.



ANTHONY HOPKINS
Title Abas may refer to an ancient Greek sophist. Painting deeply evocative of Hannibal Lecter.



BOB DYLAN
Gnostic photo-realism and dashes of appropriation; he shows at Gagosian.



JONI MITCHELL
Pictures Generation art of the 1980s depicting Saddam Hussein statue falling beneath the Capitol. Perfect activism.

PHOTOGRAPHS: PREVIOUS PAGE, PRIVATE COLLECTION OF JENNY NORTON BOB RAMSEY/COURTESY OF JOHN MELLENCAMP; THIS SPREAD, COURTESY OF GALERIE GURZYNSKA (STALLONE); COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND PEARL ARTS GALLERY (MITCHELL).
 LIAISON/GETTY IMAGES (MCCARTNEY); COURTESY OF THE ARTIST (NICKS); © BOB DYLAN/COURTESY GAGOSIAN GALLERY. PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT MCKEEVER (DYLAN); COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND PEARL ARTS GALLERY (MITCHELL).

The Beautiful, Dirty Vision of Gaspar Noé

The director behind the year's most divisive semi-improvised, drug-addled, shockingly explicit 3-D sex trip.

By JADA YUAN

LOVE is in theaters October 30.

GASPAR NOÉ'S *LOVE* is what one might call a "penis-forward" movie. Its opening shot, set to the mournful strains of Erik Satie's "Gnossienne No. 3," is a fixed-frame view from the foot of a bed of a young man whose erection is being stroked by a lithe brunette, her dark nipples and '70s pubic triangle facing toward the camera while he rubs her clitoris. We watch for three full minutes, our eyes trained on the couple's facial contortions and involuntary muscle spasms as they give and receive, the rhythmic touching of flesh the only sound other than the swells of the orchestra, until he ejaculates and she licks him clean. This, by the way, all happens in 3-D. ¶ "It's not shocking, come on! It's a sweet double hand job," says Noé, on a cold September morning in Toronto, when I ask him if audiences will be taken aback by his movie's opening cum shot (out of a total of three). This is, after all, a kind of unicorn: a widely distributed

full-frontal three-dimensional movie, complete with a very long, very graphic threesome and a trip to a Parisian swingers' club in which the extras were French porn stars and some of the movie's crew members who felt like stripping down. European film's most Dionysian provocateur, Noé is often mentioned in the same breath as director Lars von Trier, but where the latter approaches carnality with an existential chilliness, Noé's work is brimming with a glutton's appetite for libidinal indulgence that suggests he actually likes sex—an appetite that he matches with an exhilarating cinematic ambition. The kind of ambition needed to make a beautifully shot, technologically advanced, emotionally wrenching, high-art skin flick.

On the day we meet, Noé has just flown in from Paris for *Love's* North American premiere at the Toronto Film Festival and looks like it, in a rumpled black T-shirt and black jeans, with rampant stubble and a black horseshoe mustache that contrasts with his bald pate and genial air. We're still talking about the film's opening scene, because how can you not? "When it's raining outside, you just want to stay in bed and have sex," he continues. "I tried to put what I consider the sweetest things in life [in the film]. Why would you always portray your fears but not also your pleasures?"

Fear and pleasure have long been a specialty of the Argentina-born director, whose critically divisive yet very memorable movies have hinged on such extreme subjects as incest (1998's *I Stand Alone*), rape (2002's *Irreversible*), and hallucinogenic out-of-body experiences (2009's *Enter the Void*). The move to 3-D is just Noé's latest experiment in visceral immersion, an extension of a sensibility that's employed swirling cameras and strobe lights to convey the experience of tripping on DMT while flying over Tokyo at night and placed us at eye level with a man whose skull is getting bashed into something resembling regurgitated beef. Noé tells me that with *Love*, he wanted to channel his trademark cinematic hyper-intensity into a realistic portrayal of the emotional and erotic experiences of people in their 20s, an age ruled by self-discovery and inhibition. Using a nonlinear structure, improvised dialogue, and mostly nonprofessional actors, the movie shows the rise and collapse of a passionate relationship—between Murphy (Karl Glusman), an American film student living in Paris, and his painter girlfriend, Electra (Aomi Muyock)—that can't withstand a surfeit



of drugs and sexual partners.

Noé, as you've by now inferred, is not a bashful conversationalist. He tells me that as a teenager he'd masturbate two to three times a day to *Penthouse* magazine and '70s soft-core (recorded on VHS, no less). Much of the inspiration for *Love* came from his believing we need more of the kinds of visuals that turned him on as a horny young man. "There's nothing like erotic cinema anymore," says Noé, "so if you want to see sexual images, you end up Googling these gang-bang images with the guys who look like firemen and shaven girls who look like bodybuilders—and that has nothing to do with what these teenagers are going to experience. So maybe it's better to clean their eyes with images that are closer to life." Plus, unlike your traditional films that show full-frontal and ejaculation, two-thirds of *Love* is expository, and every scene but the first is imbued with loss. "The movie is mostly arousing on a sentimental level," says Noé, who follows that sweet double hand job with a flash-forward in which we learn that the girl has fallen into a depressive, drug-abusing state owing to the guy's infidelity and has gone missing. "I cried during editing," he says, "it was so sad."

Noé's longtime producer Vincent Maraval marked the occasion of *Love*'s world premiere at the Cannes Film Festival in May by tweeting out a flyer for the movie featuring a single breast and a penis spouting semen with the caption "Love à Cannes, Champagne!" (He'd borrowed the joke from Noé.) Both *Irreversible* and *Enter the Void* had previously shown at Cannes in the prestigious competition for the Palme d'Or; this time, the festival made *Love* an official out-of-competition selection, to be screened, as seemed fitting, after midnight—still quite an honor. The festival's typically hierarchical admission methods had been ditched for frenzied first-come-first-served seating. I've never seen a Cannes screening so charged at curtains-up, and the audience's energy rarely abated, from some very pointed walk-outs to an extended standing ovation led by Noé's friend Benicio Del Toro. After the screening, Glusman told me that he ran into the Spanish actress Rossy de Palma, a muse of Pedro Almodóvar, in an elevator. "As soon as she recognized me," he recalled, "she said, 'Ah, your dick! Is it your dick?!'" (It is, in fact, his dick.)

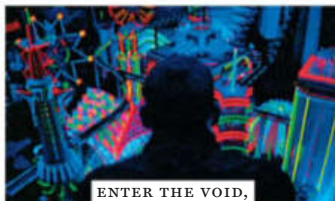
Love has actually been 17 years in the making. Noé wrote the seven-page story treatment while shooting his first feature, *I Stand Alone*, and presented it to the

French actor Vincent Cassel after the two met in a nightclub. Noé originally thought that only a real couple or an ex-couple could deliver the intimacy the project needed. Cassel, likewise, thought the film might be a good one for him to do with his real-life partner at the time, Monica Bel-

THE NOÉ OEUVRE



LOVE,
2015



ENTER THE VOID,
2009



IRREVERSIBLE,
2002



I STAND ALONE,
1998

lucci. "But when they read the script," says Noé, "and saw all the love and sex scenes that it involved, they said no." (Instead, they starred in the deeply disturbing *Irreversible*, in which Bellucci's character is violently assaulted.) The idea to shoot *Love* in 3-D, though, came to Noé just two

years ago, while visiting his dying mother in Buenos Aires. "She was the brightest woman I met," he says, "but at the end her brain fell into pieces." He wanted to have something of her to hold on to, so he began filming her with a handheld 3-D camera that he'd recently bought. "Then, when I was watching those images, I saw that they were more realistic and more touching than 2-D images because of the depth of the screen. And I thought, *Well, maybe if I do the movie in 3-D, it's going to become more emotional.*" Also, he adds, "by putting on glasses to watch a movie, you create a tunnel effect. You are less aware of who's sitting next to you."

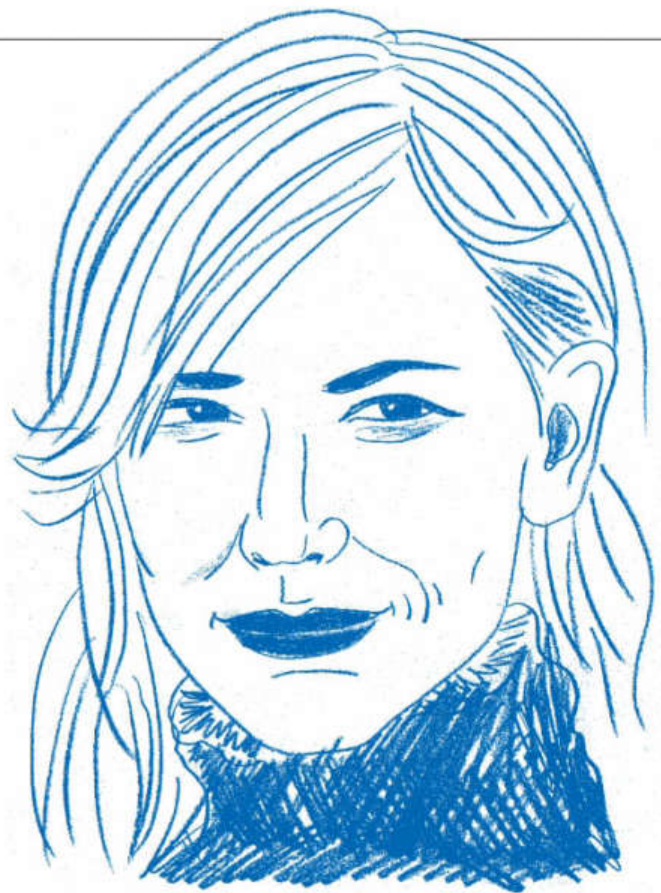
Noé calls *Love* "my first first-degree movie," meaning it's "the closest thing I know to life, and the most personal." This, he explains, is in opposition to second-degree movies, which are about other people, or third-degree movies, which are movies about other movies. (Quentin Tarantino, Noé offers, is a third-degree filmmaker.) Of all the outré situations depicted in *Love*, Noé says there are only two he hasn't experienced himself: The first is accidentally getting a girl pregnant, "but it happened to many of my friends, so I relate, or maybe I had that fear my whole life and you can see it onscreen." The second is having a girl cajole him into having sex with a transsexual while she watched, which turns out to be one of the movie's more comical scenes. Noé also appears in the film as Electra's gallerist ex-boyfriend, and for those of you who make it to the point where he pulls an erect penis out of his pants, yes, that is his organ. The director previously made a (flaccid) penile cameo in *Irreversible*, in a scene set in a gay sex club. Why? Why twice? "I don't know," he says. "When you make a movie, it's like playing a game. It's kind of funny to show your dick to everybody in the country." Now 51, Noé is married to filmmaker Lucile Hadzihalilovic and says he isn't a swinger and doesn't believe in free love, but "I party a lot, and I was a party monster." While we discuss his feelings on monogamy, he also mentions something called "occasion felon" that happens to artists on the road, where "temptation makes the thief. You're not naturally a robber or a thief, but it's the situation that sometimes makes it easy to steal."

To find *Love*'s actors, Noé used what he terms "savage" casting—which amounts to meeting people at bars or on the street, having a drink with them, and filming them on an iPhone to see if they'd pop. He also places a heavy importance on feeling

interpersonally simpatico with his actors. “You should do a movie with people that you would enjoy taking a holiday with.” Once he’d narrowed his list of potential actors, he began playing matchmaker. “That’s why it took a long time to do the casting,” he says, “because sometimes you would meet the guys, but for one reason or another they were repulsive to some girls, or vice versa.” Muyock is a Swiss model Noé met at a party; the other female lead, Klara Kristin, who plays a teenage neighbor whom the protagonist couple invites into their bed, is a Danish painter’s assistant he saw dancing at a nightclub. Glusman, who has since landed roles in upcoming movies by Tom Ford and Nicolas Winding Refn, was an unknown New York theater actor recommended by a friend. Noé Skyped with him and liked him, though the audition didn’t involve disrobing. He says, “I knew a girl who had seen him naked and I asked her, ‘How is he?’ And she said, ‘He has everything you need.’”

The first time Glusman and Muyock kissed was the first day on the *Love* set, a day that began with a close-up of Glusman’s genitals. “Maybe the hardest thing for Karl was on the day I said, ‘Can we do this cum shot on the camera?’” says Noé. “I barely knew him. He said, ‘Can you please move? Because I lose concentration.’ He was staring at me, and the guy with the mustache behind the camera was maybe not the best way to concentrate on what he was thinking of. But, yeah, he came on the camera.”

The director and the star are still close, and Glusman accompanied Noé to Toronto. They made a funny pair, this short French-Argentine and his towering, Oregon-raised sidekick. The last I saw of them was at a party at a Toronto pub chain called Gabby’s that their publicists had brought them to after the premiere. It was one of those decidedly unstarry, late-in-the-festival casual affairs beloved by media folks and attended by zero famous people. Glusman awkwardly mingled with the crowd. Noé ordered shots for everyone and at 2 a.m. could be found loudly singing the Clash’s “Rock the Casbah” at the karaoke machine up front—though he substituted in the words “Run Gaspar.” Watching him, I was reminded of something he’d said earlier that day about how much joy he derives from people storming out of his movies: “It’s like a magician who pulls a rabbit from his hat. He’s happy, but if you pull a dragon from your hat and people scream and run away, you’re even happier.” ■



Cate Blanchett’s Okay With Your Criticism

TRUTH is in theaters now; CAROL is out November 20.

CATE BLANCHETT has a good problem: She’s poised to dominate awards season with lead roles in Todd Haynes’s lesbian romance, *Carol*, and the journalism drama *Truth*, but Oscar rules say that a Best Actress candidate can be nominated for only one performance. Ah, such is life. Sampling sashimi at the Beverly Hills Four Seasons while resplendent in peacock-feather-style dress, Blanchett spoke about her recent efforts.

KYLE BUCHANAN

There’s a sequence in *Truth* where your character, Mary, goes online to see what people are writing about her and is shocked by the vitriol.

Can I ask, does that happen to you? Where people comment on stuff that you’ve written? Oh, sure. I adopted a “Don’t read the comments” policy a

while ago.

There’s a difference between being accountable and becoming obsessed with how you’re received, and with the latter lies creative death. It’s taken me a long time to accept that you’re never going to have that same understanding of your audience in the cinema as you

do in theater.

There’s no way for you to measure the audience’s reaction to your films?

Except if someone stops you in the supermarket! Sometimes people say, “Oh, I don’t want to bother you,” but I’m like, “No, I’m interested!” And they don’t always like my films.

How did you feel when Quentin Tarantino said, “Half of these Cate Blanchett movies ...

I don’t think most of them have a shelf life.”

It’s horses for courses. Was it Louis Malle who said, “It takes as

much effort to make a bad film as it does to make a good film?”

You described *Carol* as something that had been living inside you, and *Truth* is a deep-dive performance, too. Do you feel a sense of loss after these shoots?

The fact that I’ve got a life outside work helps. I’ve got four kids—they’re not interested in the detritus from me walking off set. When you see these films, do you think, *I wish I’d done that performance differently?* Always.

How Aaron Sorkin Designed Steve Jobs

A screenwriting master class in three acts.

STEVE JOBS is currently in theaters.

NO OFFENSE TO DANNY BOYLE (who directed the movie) or Michael Fassbender (who plays the title character), but it is the screenwriter, Aaron Sorkin, who delivers the virtuoso performance in *Steve Jobs*. The structurally audacious movie was built very much as a close-quarters play: three discrete acts, each unfolding in real time, in (more or less) single settings, and featuring the same small clutch of central characters litigating (more or less) the same disagreements. Each act is a scramble of last-minute corporate stagecraft, but the arguments are mostly about just how much of an asshole it is appropriate, or acceptable, to be: Jobs arguing with Apple co-founder Steve Wozniak, the cuddly genius on whose wizardry the company was built, over whether success was due to Woz and his Apple II team or Jobs and his “leadership”; Jobs arguing with John Sculley, whom Jobs brought in as Apple CEO and who later forced Jobs from the company, over just who betrayed whom; and, most unusually for a movie about computers, Jobs arguing with his ex-girlfriend Chrisann and Lisa, his first-forsaken, then-halfway-reconciled daughter. (Since it’s Sorkin, there are plenty of smaller squabbles, too.)

Which all makes a certain kind of sense, since Sorkin habitually describes himself as “more a playwright than a screenwriter,” just “faking my way through movies and television.” In this case, he mostly did it via self-imposed constraints. “The real time of it, and the claustrophobia, was really important,” Sorkin says. “Once you take away the four walls, it’s strange, something bad happens to me. I don’t know how to do it. I don’t know how to bring people into the scene, and I don’t know how to get them to exit the scene. It’s almost like when you get a new puppy: They give you a crate that’s just big enough for the puppy to turn around in but no bigger.”

Here, a close-read tutorial on how he assembled the very idiosyncratic movie.

01:49:03

► Backstage at the product launch for the iMac in 1998, a college-age Lisa Brennan-Jobs confronts her father about the way he very publicly denied paternity and the way he’s treated her and her mother since.

I have internet access a
I asked my mom some ques

STEVE is frozen for a moment ...

That was ... *Time* wrote a
supposed to read that—

I had two different Harv
engineer the equation yo
of American men could be

Honey—

LISA can’t help but raise her voice
but she’s upset now. There’s no wa
this.

My mother may be a troub
(beat)

That’s why I’m not impre
knew and you didn’t do a
unconscionable coward. A
making *different* an adve
DifferentLY.” And you ca
Braun and simplicity is
and Bob Dylan lyrics all
(pointing at one o

—looks like Judy Jetson!



LISA
at school, I read an old copy of *Time*, and
ations about my family history.

STEVE
(pause)
mangled piece of journal—you were never

LISA
ward statisticians try to reverse
ou came up with to prove that 28 percent
e my father.

STEVE
ce a little. She's not someone who likes dramatics,
ay the others are going to be able to avoid hearing

LISA
led woman, but what's your excuse?

essed with your story, Dad. It's that you
anything about it and that makes you an
And not for nothin' but *think* is a verb,
verb. You're asking people to "Think
an talk about the Bauhaus movement and
sophistication and Issey Miyake uniforms
you want, but that thing—
of the posters of the iMac)
s Easy Bake Oven.

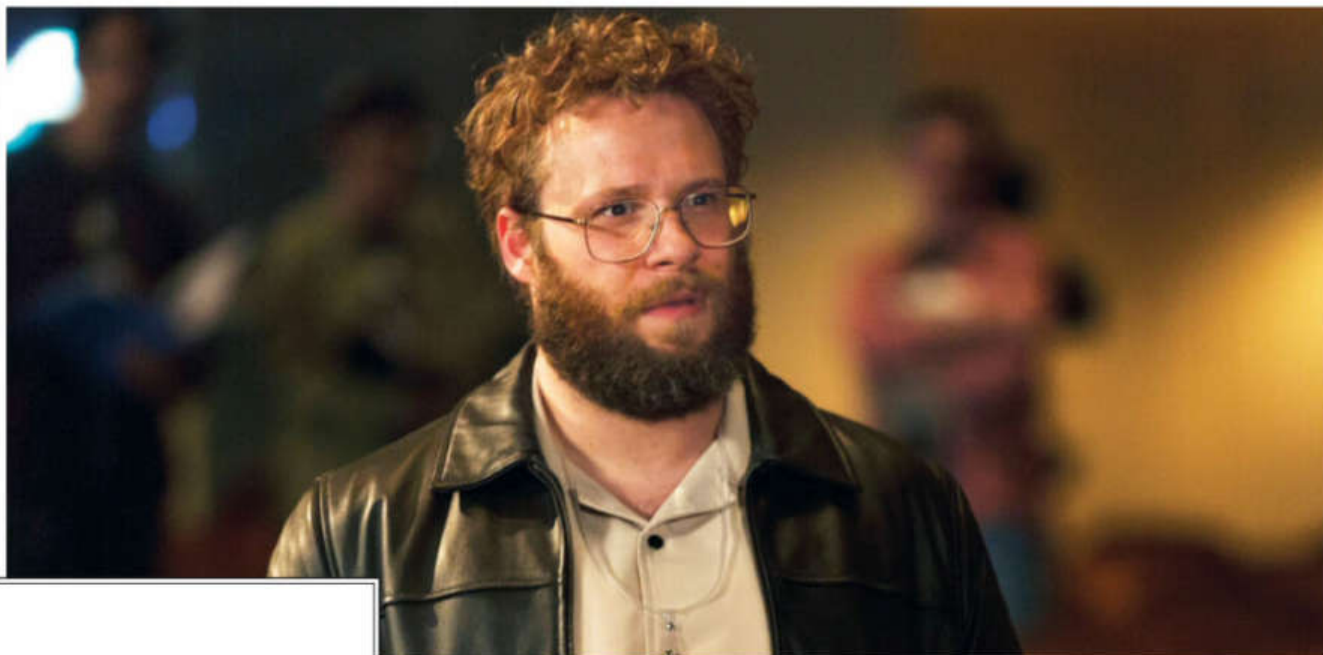
1.

Make your issue with the story the heart of the story.

*Build the movie toward a scene that
has nothing to do with technology.*

“ The fact that I am a father of a daughter is something that made it very hard for me at the beginning. I couldn't get past Steve's treatment of his daughter Lisa. None of his accomplishments meant anything to me because of it. Where I was lucky is that Lisa wasn't willing to speak to Walter Isaacson [Jobs's biographer], but she was willing to speak to me. Lisa is a remarkable woman. She's 37 now, and there didn't seem to be any anger, any hostility, any damage from her childhood. She would tell me a story about her father, and even if it wasn't a particularly flattering story, she could turn it like a prism and say, "You could tell he really loved me." I really liked that. She never asked who would play her—there wasn't any vanity there at all. But she did send me an email saying, "I just hope I'm not weak in the movie." So I sent her this speech [in yellow]. She wrote back saying, "Oh my God, I'd give anything to have said that. I said something like that about three years later, when I was 22, but not quite." I said, "Look—I get to rewrite and polish, I get to think about these things. Nobody ever gets it right the first time."

01:34:37 ▶ The last of three debates between the Apple co-founders.



2.

When two people are fighting, make sure both are right.

The disagreement about whether Jobs has given Steve Wozniak enough credit distills to a single back-and-forth.

“

BEFORE YOU CAN do anything, two people have to disagree about something.

Hopefully, it's about something more interesting than the correct time of day, and hopefully, both of them are right. And so if you're writing a character like Steve—an anti-hero—you can't judge them. I like to write them as if they're making their case to God as to why they should be allowed into heaven. To do that, I have to be able to find things about them that are like me and that I would want to be able to defend.

In the movie, Woz says to Steve, “The things you make are better than you are, brother,” and Steve says, “That's the idea, brother.” I've often thought that I would be better off alone in a room, writing pages, slipping those pages under the door, and someone would slip a tray of food back the other way. That if people only knew what I wrote, and didn't know me, then I wouldn't get called a crack addict, there wouldn't be this ridiculous fictional version of me that lives on the internet. I would just be seen as an

affable guy. I took that, and I thought to myself, *I think Steve feels the same way, but even more intensely.*

Steve thought of himself as irreparably damaged. “I'm poorly made,” he says to Lisa. But he had a brilliance—not only a technological brilliance but also an ability to make these products likable. He'd talk about the experience of opening the box—in the movie, he's made fun of for needing rectangles with rounded corners, but rectangles with rounded corners are incredibly

WOZ

When people used to ask me what the difference was between me and Steve Jobs I'd say Steve was the big picture guy and I liked a solid workbench. When people ask me what the difference is now I just say Steve's an asshole. The things you make are better than you are, brother.

STEVE

That's the idea, brother. And knowing that?...That's the difference.

important to Steve, for reasons that Steve understands. Why is it important for the computer to say hello in the presentation in the first act? Because, as Steve points out, it needs to be friendly—Hollywood's made it scary, and we need to make it friendly. Look, he says, the slot is like a goofy grin on a friendly face. Steve could make these products likable, then slip them under the door, and people would slip back a tray of food. **It worked. He was right. That's what produced this cult of Apple.**



3.

Give the movie a musical crescendo.

Jobs's ouster from Apple is played out in dizzying crosscuts.

“ IF YOU WERE MY writing instructor, and you gave me an exercise to do this without crosscutting between 1988 and 1985, I think I could get a B-plus/A-minus on that. But just musically, it was time for a crescendo. If you look at a symphony, it goes through stages. There's an allegro, a finale ultimo, a solo, a duet, a trio, an aria. At a rock concert, the way they format their playlist, it's going to have highs and lows, gain speed and slow down, and somewhere in there is going to be a drum solo. When it comes to a line of dialogue, **I care as much about what it sounds like as what it means, and, musically, it was time for that energy: that crescendo.**

This scene happens because Sculley wants Steve to please help correct the record on the circumstances under which he left Apple. He tells Steve, “The story of how and why you left Apple, which is quickly becoming mythologized, is not true.” Literally, his kids are getting death threats at school

because people think he killed Steve Jobs. That comes from a long email that John Sculley wrote to me explaining what really happened, talking me through the whole thing—plainly still reeling from something that had happened 30 years ago. So you have a goal for the scene.

STEVE
By taking resources from the Mac.

SCULLEY
It's failing, that's a fact.

STEVE
It's overpriced.

SCULLEY
There is no evidence--

STEVE
I'm the evidence! I am the world's leading expert on the Mac, John, what's your resume?!

SCULLEY
You're issuing contradictory instructions, you're insubordinate, you make people miserable, our top engineers are fleeing to Sun, Dell, HP-- Wall Street doesn't know who's driving the bus, we've lost hundreds of millions in value and I'm the CEO of Apple, Steve, that's my resume!

STEVE
But before that you sold carbonated sugar water, right? **I sat in a fuckin' garage with Wozniak and invented the future because artists lead and hacks ask for a show of hands.**

The obstacle to that goal is Steve, who is kind of enjoying this. He has four years' worth of built-up anger at Sculley to deal with. So you have the ingredients of this conflict, and **at some point, you have to stop being clinical and academic and checking with Aristotle's *Poetics* to make sure, and you just got to let it fly.**

The Willises, Live on Broadway

CHICAGO is currently playing at the
Ambassador Theatre.
MISERY opens in previews at the Broadhurst
Theater on October 22.

“Look at your sneaks!”

Rumer Willis squeals as her dad, Bruce, enters a Times Square rehearsal room wearing fresh Nikes and a sharp black suit.

They’re both Broadway rookies—he’s prepping for his role as writer Paul Sheldon in *Misery*; she’s playing *Chicago*’s

Roxie Hart through November 1—and eager to trade notes. “In film, you say, ‘Can we go again?’” Bruce, 60, says.

“You don’t have that luxury here.” Rumer, 27, nods. “I’ve heard crazy things about saving your voice for stage,” she says, “like, you can’t eat tomato sauce!” Speaking of which, “I’ll call you about dinner,” Bruce tells his daughter. “You gotta eat *some* time.”

REBECCA MILZOFF

PHOTOGRAPHED AT NEW 42ND STREET STUDIOS



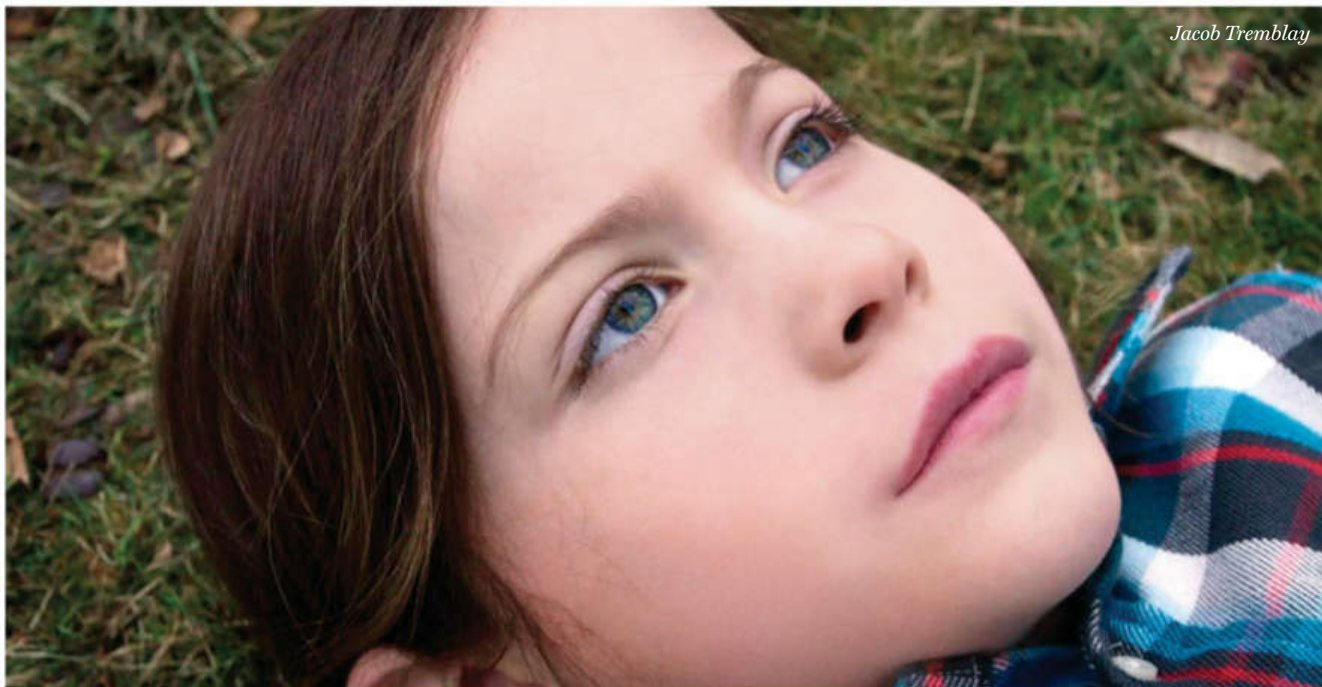


Photograph by Norman Jean Roy

The CULTURE PAGES

CRITICS

David Edelstein on *Room* and *Heart of a Dog* ... Jesse Green on *Eclipsed* and *The Gin Game* ...
Justin Davidson on public housing.



Jacob Tremblay

MOVIES / DAVID EDELSTEIN

Indoor Fireworks

Brie Larson plays a kidnapped and imprisoned mom in *Room*.

 THE TITLE of this wrenching film is *Room*, not to prevent a mix-up with the riot-of-non-sequiturs Z-movie *The Room* but because its 5-year-old protagonist uses the word as a proper name. Every day, young Jack (Jacob Tremblay) pops out of bed and says, “Good morning, Room,” as well as, “Good morning, Lamp/TV/Sink/Brush,” a *Goodnight Moon*-like ritual that transforms an approximately ten-by-ten-foot locked space with a distant skylight into something alive, even nurturing. (The room-womb rhyme seems more apt than ever.) What Jack doesn’t understand is that his Ma (Brie Larson) has weaned him on the illusion that their cramped single room with its decrepit furniture—which is all he has ever seen—is the *whole world* instead of what it is: a prison fashioned by a sexual psychopath who took her seven years earlier.

Room is astonishing: It transmutes a lurid, true-crime situation into a fairy tale in which fairy tales are a source of survival. The Irish-born

novelist Emma Donoghue (who also wrote the screenplay) has made a career of reworking such tales, sometimes from an LGBT perspective and generally from a way-outsider’s. In this case, she has merged the imprisoned-damsel motif with something modern and sinister—inspired by the sudden jolt experienced by Felix Fritzl, the youngest child of an Austrian woman held captive by her father for 24 years. (There are similarities to the Jaycee Dugard kidnapping and the abductions of three women by Ariel Castro—although the latter story broke in 2013, three years after *Room* was published.) Donoghue made the 5-year-old the novel’s narrator, which results in evocatively strange formulations and an occasional flurry of twee. (“We move Table over to beside Bath so we can sunbathe on Rug right under Skylight where it’s extra warm ... God’s yellow face makes red through my lids.”) Though the movie drops most of the narration, the point comes through: By reading to him,

ROOM
DIRECTED BY
LENNY ABRAHAMSON.
A24 FILMS. R.

HEART OF A DOG
DIRECTED BY
LAURIE ANDERSON.
ABRAMORAMA/HBO
DOCUMENTARY
FILMS. NR.

telling him stories, and encouraging him to write and draw his own, Ma has kept Jack's mind alive. The hair he has never cut is his "Strong." He is like Samson.

Donoghue has found the perfect complementary collaborator in fellow Hibernian Lenny Abrahamson, whose last film, *Frank*, was a sad comedy in which the longing for connection is offset by the dread of it. (The title character thrives in a rock-band commune—but only because he hides under a giant fake head.) Abrahamson and his two main actors create a seesaw of love and horror that upends you on all sorts of levels. "Room" is a paradisiacal bubble—a marvel of mother-child intimacy, of mind over matter—astride an abyss, broken by visits from the Devil himself.

Abrahamson keeps the rapes committed by the man Ma calls "Old Nick" (Sean Bridgers) offscreen or viewed hazily through cracks in the wardrobe where the boy is sent to sleep. (The only concession her captor accepts is that he won't see or touch his son.) But we sense the impact of this tyrant in the bruises on Ma; the scarcity of food (he has been unemployed for six months); and acts of pure cruelty, like turning off the power (and heat) for two days after an altercation. Abrahamson knows when to open up the space—creating a sense of expansiveness—and when to bring the camera so close that even this most sacred of relationships chafes. The movie's lone flaw is a score heavy on childlike wonder, meant as a counterpoint to this purgatory but too shimmering and piano-plinky, cuing the audience how to feel.

It would be wrong to reveal the midpoint climax, which didn't literally stop my heart but made me wish I had some nitroglycerin tablets just in case. The second half of *Room* brings out all the irreconcilables. The world outside has infinite space but limited warmth, including a house (wittily designed by Ethan Tobman) that demonstrates the sibling-closeness of affluence and alienation. Fine as young Tremblay is in his early scenes, it's the later, more difficult ones that show his range, his ability to suggest profound dislocation with every step. And I don't know how to do justice to Brie Larson. Every time you see her, you forget you've seen her before. Her Ma achieves an easy rapport with her son by a force of will, but with everyone else, including herself, her rhythms are off—unyielding, prickly. The clashing emotions she suggests in her final words—two syllables, mouthed but silent—make me shiver even now.

The evil depicted in *Room* is hard to fathom, but the good is even more mysterious: the capacity of a child—when guarded by a loving parent—to project warmth onto the coldest, most malevolent environment. We've seen survival stories

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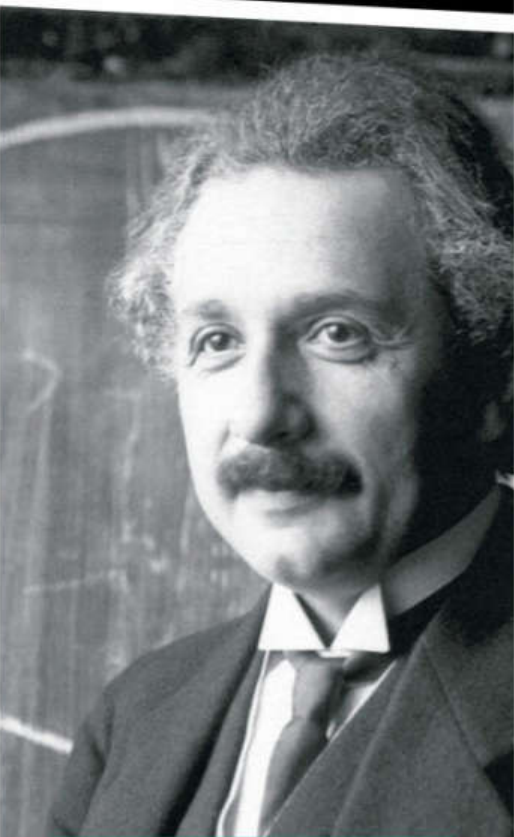
Power Figure (Nkisi N'Kondi: Mangaaka), detail, Kongo peoples, 19th century, Manchester Museum, University of Manchester. Photo: Peter Zeraf, The Photograph Studio, The Metropolitan Museum of Art © 2015.

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featuring people on desert islands or at sea, but it's the boy sustained by a room that's the most amazing.

Laurie Anderson narrates her autobiographical meditation *Heart of a Dog* as if it were Rod Serling's *Tibetan Book of the Dead*, and her half-portentous, half-plangent tones make her mix of images seem even uncannier. Anderson's springboard is her memories of her rat terrier Lolabelle, but the movie ripples outward into regions familiar from her musical and spoken works: the ever-encroaching surveillance state; predators natural and man-made; the plasticity of language; and, above all, the beautiful practice of walking, eyes open, into death and the (presumed) afterlife. Early on, she uses animation to simulate phosphenes, the floating specks that come when the eyes close. The film itself is speckled, often literally—scratches on the frame—but always metaphorically, its portraits seen through a glass snowily.

It's a lucid dream of a movie, free-associative but studded with tough observations and philosophical nuggets that stave off the wooziness and woo-woo. "If you see something, say something" gets the Wittgensteinian scrutiny it deserves, pegged to the white ash that settles outside Anderson's downtown apartment on 9/11 and the government cameras that suddenly pop up everywhere. A hawk that makes a dive for Lolabelle compels the dog to realize that she is now "responsible for [an additional] 180 degrees"—as we are, too. (But haven't Anderson's eyes always been on the sky? "Here come the planes. They're American planes. Made in America...")

She shows us the world through the eyes of a dog, trotting at sidewalk level through the West Village, swerving for sniffs at trash bags. Lolabelle goes blind but learns to smack the keyboard in time and howl. We are all like the dog in the Goya wall painting often called *Head of a Dog*, gazing into the immense dirty enveloping sky. Anderson won't let her veterinarian euthanize the dying Lolabelle; she must move via her own power into the bardo, the *Book of the Dead*'s transitional state between life and death. Anderson keeps track of Lolabelle's 49 days in the bardo. In drawings she depicts the dog dissolving, leaving this world behind.

Anderson's description of Lolabelle's last day recalls her account of the passing of her husband, Lou Reed, who's glimpsed in a photo, heard on the soundtrack ("Turning Time Around"), and recognized in a final dedication. But his ghost hovers over *Heart of a Dog*. (Anderson quotes David Foster Wallace: "Every love story is a ghost story.") It's no stretch to imagine that this is a step toward memorializing him as well as *them*.

But she ends by exhuming a memory from her childhood, from the time she spent in a hospital after a high-spirited high dive went back-breakingly wrong, hearing the screams of child burn victims as they turned on a kind of spit, bathed in cooling gel instead of flames. Then she meditates on the mother who didn't show her love, except perhaps once.

Pity the fool who tries to diagram *Heart of a Dog*. Pity the fool who doesn't respond to its lyricism and to the depth of emotion under those Rod Serling cadences. Anderson says that as a child she dreamed of making something that had never been made before, and, with the help of some gifted artists and editors and camera-people, she has done it again—with bells on. The only thing that would make it more pleasurable would be Anderson narrating it in person. (Dear BAM...)

THEATER / JESSE GREEN

Even in a War Zone, There's Hair to Do Domesticity and brutality (and Lupita Nyong'o) in *Eclipsed*.

 WE NEVER LEARN her name; she's just called "the Girl." She's probably 15, but even she's not sure. She is a refugee within her own country, Liberia, at the 2003 height of its civil war, during which the government of Charles Taylor and the coalition of rebel factions known as LURD seemed to compete for awards in atrocity. As a result, the Girl, played by Oscar winner Lupita Nyong'o, spends most of the first scene of Danai Gurira's harrowing *Eclipsed* hiding under a plastic tub. She has escaped one nightmare only to land in the midst of another: the likelihood that, should she be discovered by the men who run the LURD compound she's taken refuge in, she will become a sex slave to any or all of them, especially the dreaded "C.O." Two women who have already met that fate—though they proudly call themselves his wives instead of his rape victims—do what they can to keep the Girl safe in their tiny, bullet-pocked bunker, with its thin metal roof and open doorway. Still, before long, the Girl becomes "Wife" No. 4.

Eclipsed is basically the story of the fight for her soul, and for Liberia's. Will the Girl



Akosua Busia and Lupita Nyong'o in *Eclipsed*.

choose the relatively high status (and safety) that being a wife confers? (No. 1 rules the roost with a strict but sympathetic hand; No. 3, a fantasist, is pregnant with the C.O.'s child.) Or will she follow the example of Wife No. 2, who has liberated herself by becoming an armed soldier and joining in the atrocities? Between these options a third eventually emerges in the form of Rita, called Mama Peace, a representative of a mostly female protest movement. But this is not just a local problem. The larger question is how individuals can find moral positions in war, knowing that they will have to live with themselves when it ends. Do you protect yourself by accommodation at the cost of your dignity? Do you free yourself by rebellion at the cost of depravity? Or do you cast your lot with the dreamers, whose moral high road may lead nowhere?

It's no accident that all three options, if they are options, are represented by women. *Eclipsed* is a feminist play in theme and execution. Though the wives fear an always imminent male-identified evil, no men are depicted. (When the unseen C.O. walks by their hut, the women line up at attention.) What we experience is therefore the kind of activity that attests to the freakish ability of humans to domesticate even the most inhuman situations. The women tend each other's hair and gossip while cooking. The girl soldier's gun is BeDazzled.

To the extent that Gurira's choices support such ideas, they are mesmerizing as theater. But the collision of sorority comedy (the women fight over some hair extensions) and war drama (every time one of them leaves the hut you fear for her) eventually tears the play in two. At that point, what was gripping starts to feel a little desperate dramatically, as if, having chosen to represent this chaotic universe entirely through women, Gurira found that she could no longer make them bear all the

dramatic weight of a situation that also, of course, involved men. The second act has terrifying and heartbreaking moments, but it also starts to lose its grip on character reality and to move into the realm of parable. Mama Peace in particular loses her footing in the story and becomes an almost symbolic presence; meanwhile, several threads of the actual plot are left untied.

Eclipsed has not before now had a New York production, despite being well received in its 2009 premiere and in many mountings since. One reason may be its structural problems; another may be Lynn Nottage's play *Ruined*, which deals with similar themes, but in Congo, and opened in New York in 2009 and went on to win a Pulitzer. Neither excuse is good enough, as the Public's excellent version, under the taut direction of Liesl Tommy, proves. Yes, the play's faults are visible, but so, even more starkly, are the insights and conundrums that make it unmissable. Nyong'o is a big part of that, bringing to her role the fierceness and the imaginative capacity to face horror that made her a star in *12 Years a Slave*. But she also brings an innocence we may not have expected and a vivid emotional legibility. Even so, that it took her participation to pull a New York production of *Eclipsed* together—the rest of the ensemble cast, especially Saycon Sengbloh as Wife No. 1, is every bit as good—says perhaps more than we'd like to know about our resistance to stories whose only inherent glamour is moral.

WHY DOES A nothingburger like D.L. Coburn's *The Gin Game*, first on Broadway in 1977, keep getting produced? It can't be the Pulitzer it won, which was a freak accident for a trifle in which two residents of an old-age home do nothing but play cards. Perhaps it's the ease of production—one set, two seats—or the opportunity to give meaty roles to two older actors of the

ECLIPSED
BY DANAI GURIRA.
PUBLIC THEATER.
THROUGH
NOVEMBER 29.

THE GIN GAME
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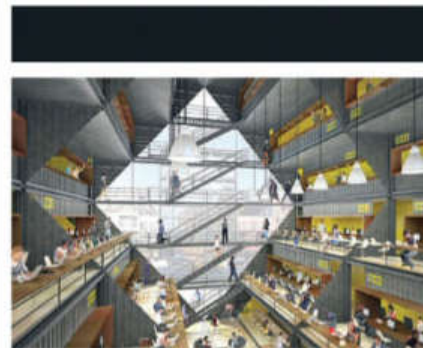


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type generally described as "beloved." James Earl Jones and Cicely Tyson certainly are.

But this production is so lame and misguided (by the director Leonard Foglia) you would almost prefer that they suddenly started ad-libbing selections from far better work each of them has done. It's undeniably a pleasure, for about one shuffle, to hear Jones boom and bustle and see Tyson offer her aren't-I-cute moue. But mostly their game looks like solitaire, not gin: The characters barely relate to one another, the scenes are interchangeable, and the awkward staging, with one or the other of them almost always facing away from the audience, doesn't even allow us to see much. You may also wonder what you are doing outside; Foglia has moved the action from the home's sunroom to its back porch. This means that in the final scene, which is accompanied unsuitably by a thunderstorm, the two actors are stuck in the rain. Perhaps this is meant to evoke *King Lear*; but I just thought of poker. Fold! Fold! ■



Rendering of SPACIOUS, a building project proposed in "Designing Affordability."

ARCHITECTURE /
JUSTIN DAVIDSON

Affordable Housing Need Not Be Drab Hunters Point South isn't. How do we get more like that?

 **RIGHT ABOUT NOW**, the world's best architects should be elbowing each other out of the way in a rush to New York. The city is primed for another golden age, not just of designer skyscrapers and expanding museums, but of rental buildings where ordinary New Yorkers can live without pawning a kidney. We have a cause, a need, political energy, and a pot of money. What's missing is any sense that the residential towers and mid-rise blocks that will be popping

up in the coming years need to be any good.

As Mayor de Blasio's team fans out to sweet-talk community boards, cajole councilmembers, and admonish developers into embracing his affordable-housing plan, the talk is all about numbers: units (a.k.a. "apartments") and costs, incomes and rents. The administration nods to design in its stirringly titled manifesto "Zoning for Quality and Affordability," which would revive the stoop and dole out a few extra floors to senior centers. But the housing crisis gives de Blasio a chance to do more than tweak: He could outline the next great iteration of New York and make compassion concrete.

Once again, an alliance of officials, dogooders, and profiteers is reshaping the city by providing homes that non-rich New Yorkers can pay for: 80,000 new apartments in a decade, according to the de Blasio administration's ambitions, plus another 120,000 rent-regulated apartments snatched from the market's maw. And yet the system that the mayor is kicking into gear was built to defeat excellence. Many builders and officials believe that architecture is one amenity too many for a below-market rental building—that good design is a sentimental luxury.

And so global architects converge on the sites around the High Line, where prices have reached such tulip-fever excess that no lily can seem too gilded. When the megadeveloper Related opened a sales office for Zaha Hadid's 520 West 28th, an executive boasted that the steel contrails whipping around the aerodynamic exterior cost "multiples" of an ordinary façade. What would it take to redirect that kind of passion to real-people rentals? Hadid wouldn't know how to scrimp if she were stranded on Mars, but many of her world-class colleagues do. Workers are finishing up Bjarke Ingels's startlingly pyramidal VIA 57 West, which contains 142 (out of 709) units earmarked for low-income renters. More, please!

Affordable housing is rough on architecture. Specialists in penny-pinching delete details and cheapen materials, reducing buildings to kits of off-the-shelf components. Even firms like Dattner—experts in packing tight envelopes, grinding through bureaucracy, and squeezing stingy budgets—struggle to produce better-than-basic buildings. Dattner's design (with Bernheimer Architecture) for Brooklyn Cultural District: Apartments, now under construction on Lafayette Avenue, does sneak a terracotta rain screen past the austerity enforcers, but only because just 40 percent of the apartments will have regulated rents.

Still, good architecture can survive budgetary rigors—at Hunters Point

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South, for instance, where a pair of hulking towers designed by SHoP and Ismael Levya Architects expresses de Blasio's urgency even though it's a holdover from the era of the allegedly Nero-like Michael Bloomberg. A low-cost neighborhood on the southern end of Long Island City has been mumbled about for more than a decade, and the idea came wrapped in glamour. Hadid even submitted a sumptuous competition entry for the Olympic Village that Bloomberg hoped to place there. Reality and the IOC had other plans.

Co-developed by Related (the custodian of Hadid's bauble), Monadnock, and the nonprofit Phipps Houses, the new towers have bright, jaunty façades, with orange trim, steel tridents, and a syncopated rhythm of windows in glass of various hues. Here, the living is good and the trade-offs are few. Room sizes might be a tad on the intimate side and the refrigerators sub-Sub-Zero, but gardeners from GrowNYC cultivate tomatoes on the terrace, an apiary churns out honey so local it can be delivered by elevator, kids can tumble out of bed and into their spanking-new school in under a minute, and the midtown skyline glimmers at arm's reach. Dogs have it good, too. A fine new park recently sprouted across the street, and the building contains a canine lounge, with a porthole to a playroom where human young tumble for the dogs' entertainment.

SHoP's new towers are not world-beating architecture, but they're more than good enough to plug into an evolving network of ferries, parks, schools, shops, all of which foster more investment. If the market continues rocketing toward the edge of the atmosphere, the buildings will come to seem more and more modest, a bulwark of sanity in a city gone nuts. They'll also be hard to reproduce. Built on a rare parcel of city-donated land when the recession reined in construction costs, the towers cost about \$300 million, and the price would jump another \$75 million if they were being started today. This is subsidized housing for the other one percent—that is, the 925 out of 93,000 applicants who won the randomized lottery—and we need a lot more of it.

We've dealt with this problem before, many times. "Affordable New York," an exhibition at the Museum of the City of New York curated by Thomas Mellins, escorts visitors through the history of the war on squalor. What jumps out is how powerfully those battles have shaped the city, from rules that brightened tenements and created fire escapes, to immense groves of X-shaped towers, to the slow, heroic reclamation of the South Bronx. Each of those crusades had its failures. Among the artifacts is a decal of the kind that the city pasted on boarded-up

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windows in the '80s to make bombed-out properties look lived-in: A picture of a potted geranium sits on a fake sill, while two-dimensional shutters open onto nothing at all. Idealists who set out to sweep away crumbling tenements and put up clean-lined havens of hygiene instead often wound up warehousing the poor in vast vertical slums. Programs that kept prices low for decades have been expiring, contributing to the crisis they were meant to solve. One lesson of this erratic history is that bad decisions endure at least as long as good ones. Another is that the cost of building too little is high, but so is the cost of building badly.

From that historical survey, you can scoot downtown and into the future at the Center for Architecture's show "Designing Affordability," where an international gathering of architects proposes an elaborate menu of ideas: prefabricated modules, gerbil-scaled apartments, zero-energy systems, dorm-style shares, and so on. Some solutions are downright perverse, such as modular micro-units, the stackable solitary-confinement cells being marketed as a solution to the ebbing of the nuclear family. Others tantalize with their inventiveness, including one by the L.A.-based Patrick Tighe. At Courtyard at La Brea, he wrapped ornate metal screens around soothing gardens and a gorgeous, energy-efficient haven for the formerly homeless. It's the sort of project that makes you wonder: *Why isn't this guy commuting to New York?*

The two shows together illuminate the paradox that has run through the city's history: Affordable housing is an act of resistance to the market's worst depredations, yet it's a luxury only a wealthy city can afford. We have learned to tap the power of capitalism in expensive neighborhoods with a socialist sleight of hand: The banker paying a fortune for the penthouse grudgingly subsidizes the teacher downstairs. We have also learned to channel low-income housing into areas where land is cheapest, which is why the city proposes to rezone East New York. Both tactics are necessary evils: The first sprinkles a token number of poor people among the rich, the second segregates the poor, and the two together risk polarizing the city into Xanadus and slums.

Hunters Point South offers a better model. Reproducing it would mean scrounging more land (in between NYCHA towers, at Sunnyside Yards, and on the South Bronx waterfront, for starters), investing in infrastructure, holding competitions, and demanding real design. The result would be measured not only in units but in neighborhoods designed for mixture—places where architects are eager to work and New Yorkers of all income levels would cheerfully kill to live. ■

Alberto Burri, *Rosso plastica* (detail), 1961. Pastel (PVC), acrylic, and combust on paper (PVC) and back fabric (PVC), 142 x 155 cm, Modern Art Foundation on Castello/2015 Artist Rights Society (ARS), New York/SJAE, Rome © Fondazione Palazzo Albizzi, Collezione Burri.

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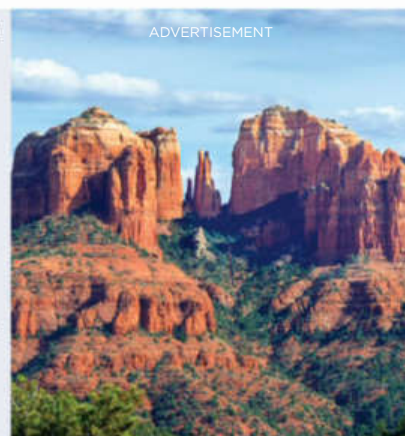
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PARTY LINES

Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

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TANGENT

"I was a ballerina. I ran away from home, and then I danced on gay-nightclub stages. Age 13, ruling the stages. I was taken in by two lovely drag queens and a stripper named Tina, so I learned how to do face paint, do makeup with the best. I would dress up as Charlie Chaplin, and I would do checkerboard makeup on my face. I was cool."
—Rose McGowan



NEW YORK CITY BALLET 2015 FALL GALA
DAVID H. KOCH THEATER,
LINCOLN CENTER, SEPTEMBER 30.

SEASON-SIX PREMIERE OF THE WALKING DEAD
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, OCTOBER 9.

"There's not a fellow around who needs to be as hairy as Rick is. When I met him, he was clean-shaven and I knew which bits I was slapping. Now, who knows?"
—Lennie James on Andrew Lincoln's character Rick Grimes



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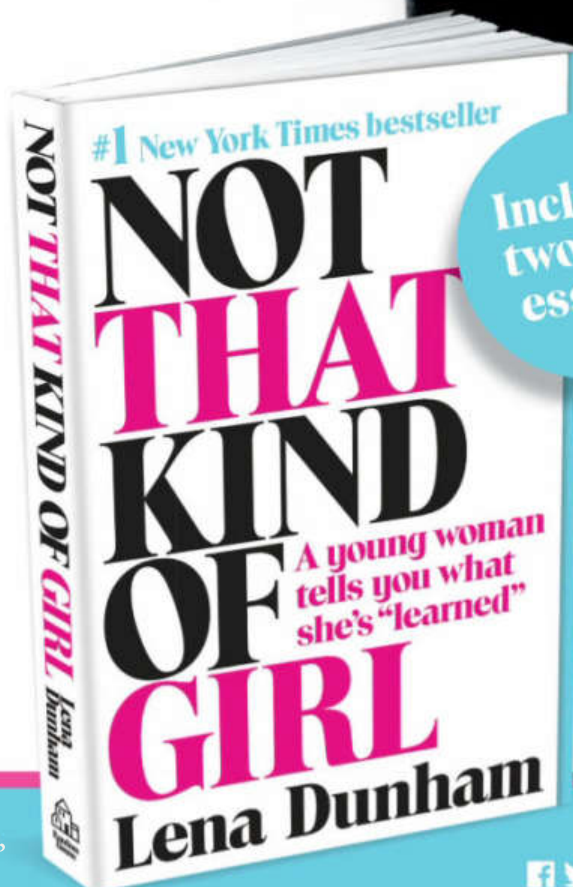
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The New York Times Magazine

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Frida Kahlo, *Self Portrait with Thorn Necklace and Hummingbird*, 1940. Harry Ransom Center, The University of Texas at Austin.
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For full listings of movies, theater, music, restaurants, and much more, see nymag.com/agenda.



The CULTURE PAGES

To

Do



Twenty-five things to see, hear, watch, and read.

OCTOBER 21 TO NOVEMBER 4

TV

1. Watch Supergirl

Truth, justice, and feminism.

CBS, October 26 at 8:30 p.m.

Tired of watching emotionally constipated superheroes brood in the rain? Check out *Supergirl*, a hopeful, sweet, and engaging retelling of the femme-centric comic, starring Melissa Benoist as Kara Danvers, a.k.a. Kara Zor-El, Superman's cousin.

MATT ZOLLER SEITZ

POP

2. See Disclosure

Brothers with the beat.

Madison Square Garden, October 24.

Even though the brothers Howard and Guy Lawrence were mere babies in the '90s, their 2013 debut album, *Settle*, established them as the most famous faces of electronic music's house revival. They'll hit MSG to play songs from their sleek, star-studded new album, *Caracal*.

LINDSAY ZOLADZ

MOVIES

3. Watch Scary Movies 9

Through your fingers.

Film Society of Lincoln Center, October 30 through November 5.

Nobody has the will and resources to do Halloween better than the Film Society of Lincoln Center, and this year's Scary Movies 9 is all treats. It's preceded (a prologue!) by Kent Jones's doc on the seminal Hitchcock-Truffaut interviews; opens with the ballyhooed *Southbound* (a bloody, omnibus road movie); and closes with Bernard Rose's modern-day, L.A.-set *Frankenstein*. In between, catch the tribute to indie-horror godfather Larry Fessenden, featuring his superb eco ghost story *The Last Winter*.

DAVID EDELSTEIN

ART

4. See Ancient Egypt Transformed: The Middle Kingdom

After the pyramids, before the Golden Age.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, through January 24.

For a comparatively brief 400-year moment in Egyptian history (circa 2030 B.C. to 1650 B.C.), the arts slid from highly stylized, abstract, hieroglyphic-y, profile-y depictions to something clearer, more crystalline, more real. We see figures giving and receiving gifts, great chunks of meat on plates, piles of plants, figures fanning themselves in majesty. Go revel in our collective inner past.

JERRY SALTZ

THEATER

5. See Cloud Nine

Getting better with time.

Atlantic Theater Company, through November 1.

Many timely dramas shrink and buckle with age, their laudable politics as passé as their clothes. But *Cloud Nine*, Caryl Churchill's 1979 play about the necessity and cost of all kinds of liberation, has only grown fuller, meatier, sadder, funnier, sexier, and more provocative—more theatrical, too, in this superb revival by James Macdonald—as the conditions from which it arose have changed radically, and have not.

JESSE GREEN

POP

6. See Blur

Damon and the boys are in town.

Madison Square Garden, October 23.

The Britpop legends haven't toured the States in 12 years, and they're only playing two U.S. dates

in support of their comeback album, *The Magic Whip*—which means their first-ever headlining spot at the Garden is not to be missed. Guaranteed goose-bump moment: stadium-size sing-along “Tender.” **L.Z.**

OPERA/NEW MUSIC

7. **See** Refuse the Hour

Making music from the minutes passed.

BAM Harvey Theater, October 22 through 25.

Anyone who's ever met a deadline, watched the sun set, or waited for a bus knows that time is a rubbery substance that twists and stretches and snaps. The composer Philip Miller turned those sensations into opera—or maybe it's a dance piece, or a one-man play—for the artist William Kentridge, who threads his way among a choir of giant metronomes, each marking off a separate flow of time.

JUSTIN DAVIDSON

BOOKS

8. & 9. **Read** Patti Smith and Carrie Brownstein

Remembrances from two rockin' ladies.

Knopf (Smith) and Riverhead (Brownstein).

In bookstores filling up fast with alt-rock memoirs, two new testaments belong on the front table. *M Train*, Smith's sort-of sequel to *Just Kids*, is gentler and weirder: Wild adventures have given way to the far-flung travels of a famous artist, and the names dropped belong to distant heroes like Rimbaud, Schiller, Kurosawa. Brownstein's *Hunger Makes Me a Modern Girl* is more

straight-ahead and DIY, not unlike both her feminist punk (in Sleater-Kinney) and her comedy (in *Portlandia*). The surprisingly earnest account of an artist's making and constant remaking reflects Brownstein's role in the riot-grrrl movement.

BORIS KACHKA

MOVIES

10. **Watch** Mississippi Grind

A winning bet.

In theaters.

In Ryan Fleck and Anna Boden's drama, a gambling addict (Ben Mendelsohn) and a fast-talking extrovert (Ryan Reynolds) meet in Iowa and decide to travel to New Orleans together, hitting every casino along the way. There's plenty of betrayal, but we're drawn in by the generous characterizations, the atmospheric filmmaking, and the subtle interplay between the oft-misused Reynolds, who finally finds a role to match his aristocratic insincerity, and Mendelsohn, who beautifully mixes the melancholic and the manic.

BILGE EBIRI

DANCE

11. **See** American Ballet Theatre's Fall Season

Dancers, stretching.

David H. Koch Theater, October 21 through November 1.

The marvelously varied fall season always showcases ABT's stellar dancers' full range. This year,

among the nine ballets programmed, look for a premiere by principal dancer Marcelo Gomes, the return of Twyla Tharp's intricately composed *Brahms-Haydn Variations*, and an all-new work set to Hummel's *Piano Septet No. 2 in C Major* by the ever-inventive Mark Morris.

REBECCA MILZOFF

TV

12. **Watch** The Leftovers

Texas forever?

HBO, Sundays at 9 p.m.

Season two maintains the show's dreamy, woozy vibe while amping up the narrative momentum and relocating the main story to Jarden, Texas. Maybe it's a miracle town—or maybe it's just as broken and dangerous as everywhere else.

MARGARET LYONS

THEATER

13. **See** Songbird

Flying over southern skies.

59E59 Theater, through November 29.

Chekhov's *Seagull*, that tale of Russian theater types, has been transposed to South Carolina, Australia, and the Hamptons, reset among modern dancers, French cinéastes, and Canadian pop stars, and given avian titles from *Drowning Crow* to *Stupid Fucking Bird*. So why not Nashville? That's where Michael Kimmel's *Songbird* takes place, with the likes of Kate Baldwin and Erin Dilly singing country songs by native Tennessean Lauren Pritchard.

J.G.

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Photo by Tammy Shell

ART

14. See Jim Shaw's The End Is Here

Jewels from junk.

New Museum, through January 10.

Opening doors into obscure Americana, cult theories, pop oddities, and more, this jam-packed retrospective shows us the power of not-modernism: art that comes from the lowest end of the cultural spectrum. Shaw, a collector of thrift-store paintings, cultivates high art that wouldn't otherwise see the light of museum day, making things destined to die come alive in ways both incredibly generative and beautiful.

J.S.



SEE THIS NOW: Spring Awakening

Jesse Green on a fresher-than-usual revival.

Even though the original Broadway production closed six years ago, the new *Spring Awakening* is a superb example of a justified revival, one in which something latent in the material meets the mood of the time. What makes it so is the brilliance of placing the story about the vicious repression of teenagers in the context of deafness and using many deaf actors to tell it. Amazingly, not a word has been changed. Or rather, not a spoken or sung word has been changed. Instead, interpreters at Deaf West Theatre have rendered the story in American Sign Language, used throughout to accompany oral English. As a hearing person, I was moved by the notion that some of what was going on was not meant for nor understandable by me, which seemed only fair—though I did learn how to sign “Bethlehem” and “devil” and “totally fucked.”

At the Brooks Atkinson Theatre through January 24.

MOVIES

15.-17. Watch Peter Sarsgaard in Black Mass, Experimenter, and Pawn Sacrifice

He's inescapable.

In theaters.

Have a Sarsgaardfest this Halloween: The peerlessly edgy actor is everywhere! You can see him as driven social scientist Stanley Milgram in Michael Almereyda's delightfully experimental *Experimenter*; as an increasingly hysterical would-be rat in *Black Mass*; and as a calm chess-master priest and Bobby Fischer handler in *Pawn Sacrifice* (should you prefer to stay in, he's also on demand in *The Slap* and *The Killing* and as a creepy ecoterrorist in last year's film *Night Moves*). You'll have till next year to see him in the resurrected *Twin Peaks*; in the meantime, you can spot him strolling around Park Slope.

D.E.

BOOKS

18. Read Thirteen Ways of Looking

Four fine stories from Colum McCann.

Random House.

The author of *Let the Great World Spin* has spent

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S PUZZLE

A	P	E	M	A	N	R	A	T	S	A	B	E	D	U	D	O	N
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so long illuminating history through fiction that readers can miss the real source of his power: his perfection of sentence, idea, and voice. In this new quartet of stories, all thematically related to a random assault McCann suffered last year, he displays a rare confluence of skill, style, and moral vision.

B.K.

POP

19. Listen to Julia Holter

Pretty music about unpretty feelings.

Domino.

L.A. chamber popper Julia Holter's great new album, *Have You in My Wilderness*, is also her most affecting. These songs pirouette through turbulent emotions with Holter's signature grace—like a breakup album recorded inside a music box.

L.Z.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

20. Hear Theodora

Oratorio or opera?

Alice Tully Hall, October 31.

After years of writing operas in Italian for London's spectacle-loving snobberati, George Frideric Handel adapted to a changing market by switching to oratorios—religiously themed dramas, performed without staging, in English. *Theodora* is a rarity: not an uplifting setting of an Old Testament episode but an operalike tragedy about the doomed love of a martyred saint, full of blood and passion and perfect for William Christie and Les Arts Florissants.

J.D.

ART/DANCE

21. See

Fortunata Desperata

In Prada.

St. Bart's Church, November 1.

Renaissance court dance regularly makes trite appearances in any number of period pieces, but in this Performa commission, ABT principal dancer David Hallberg and artist Francesco Vezzoli make a case that it's worth a closer look. Working with a historian, Hallberg meticulously re-created the pristine patterns of court dance here, performing (in a bespoke costume by Miuccia Prada) with an ensemble in the imposing St. Bart's space.

R.M.

TV

22. Watch

Compared to What: The Improbable Journey of Barney Frank

A man in full.

Showtime, October 23 at 9 p.m.

Sheila Canavan and Michael Chandler's funny, fierce documentary gives America's first openly gay congressman the complex portrait he deserves. Based on what appears to be unrestricted access, the camera crew follows Frank as he prepares to marry his longtime mate. In between the present-tense moments, there's a candid biography.

M.Z.S.



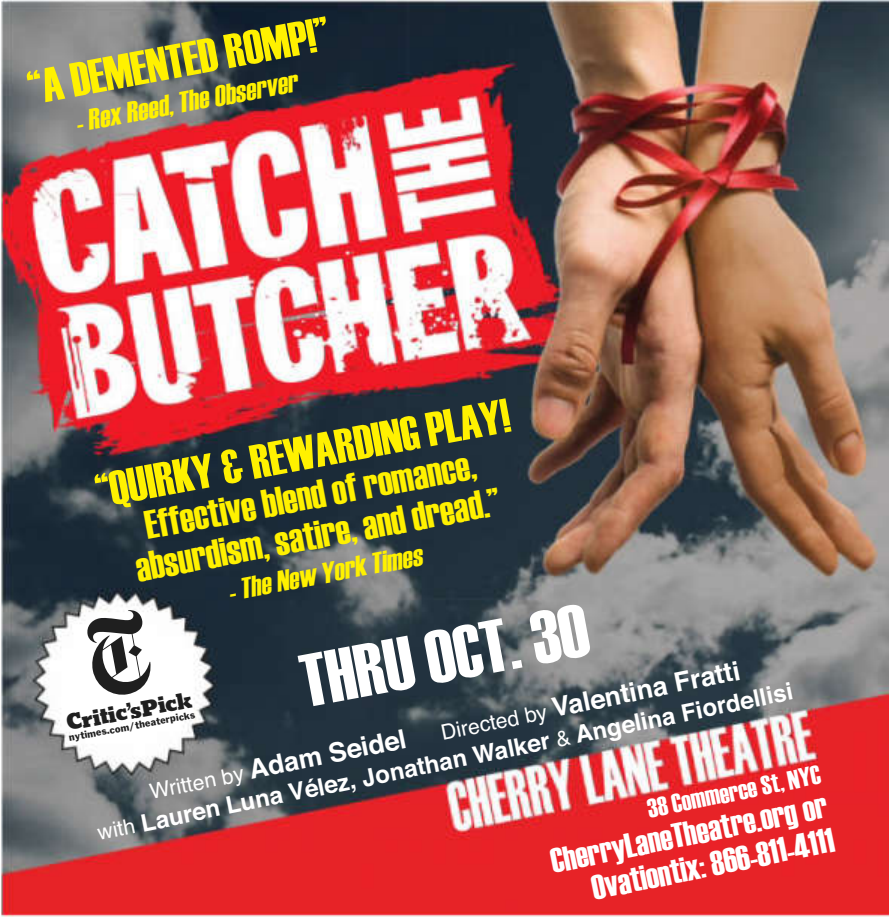
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f. Total Distribution (Sum of 15c. And 15e.)	346,800	337,550
g. Copies not Distributed	25,347	22,172
h. Total (Sum of 15f and 15g)	372,147	359,722
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17. Publication of Statement of Ownership Publication required. Will be printed in the 10/19/15 issue of this publication.		
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a. Paid Electronic Copies	68,554	75,528
b. Total Paid Print copies (Line 15C) + Paid Electronic Copies	409,920	408,241
c. Total Print Distribution (Line 15F) + Paid Electronic Copies	415,354	413,078
d. Percent Paid (Both Print & Electronic Copies) advertiser's proof copies, and exchange copies)	98.7%	98.8%

THEATER

23. See The Minstrel Show Revisited

*Beyond blackface.*NYU Skirball Center,
October 28 through 30.

Donald Byrd's Tony-nominated 1991 piece forced audiences to confront American racism by placing one of its ugliest manifestations on-stage. Spurred by the Black Lives Matter movement, he has revised and will revisit the work, with both traditional (Scott Joplin) and new (Mio Morales) music.

**What to See At:**
Frederick Wiseman's New York

The premier New York vérité documentary gets a retrospective at the Museum of the Moving Image; Bilge Ebiri picks the best films on view.

► **Model (October 24)**

Before docs and shows about the fashion world were cool, Wiseman made this riveting, playful 1980 film following models working in commercials, on runways, in magazine spreads, and more.

► **Central Park (October 25)**

An immersive, expansive 1989 look at Central Park's cross section of inhabitants and guests, as well as the bureaucrats and workers who manage it.

► **Screening and Live Event (October 28)**

The 85-year-old director will stop in to show clips from and discuss all his New York films—in particular his latest, the masterful *In Jackson Heights*.

At MMI through November 7.

CLASSICAL MUSIC

24. Hear ACO's Orchestra Underground

Scores of new names.

October 23, Zankel Hall.

Sometimes New York seems to consist of one endless new-music festival in which the same contingent of players and composers go crashing joyously around the city under different names. The SONiC Festival concludes with the American Composers Orchestra playing a fistful of world premieres by Nina Young, Melody Eötvös, Hannah Lash, Conrad Winslow, and Michael-Thomas Foumali. J.D.

MOVIES

25. See The Waking Dreams of Wojciech Has

Peeking into a psychedelic psyche.

BAMcinémathèque, through October 27.

Poland's Wojciech Has was one of the trippiest directors to flourish behind the Iron Curtain, and he gets a first-rate retrospective here. By all means, start with *The Saragossa Manuscript*, an Andalusian fever dream of a film that reportedly obsessed both Luis Buñuel and Jerry Garcia with its blend of the gothic and the acid-drenched 1960s. D.E.

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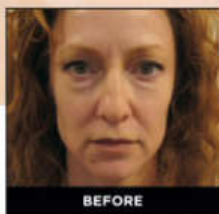
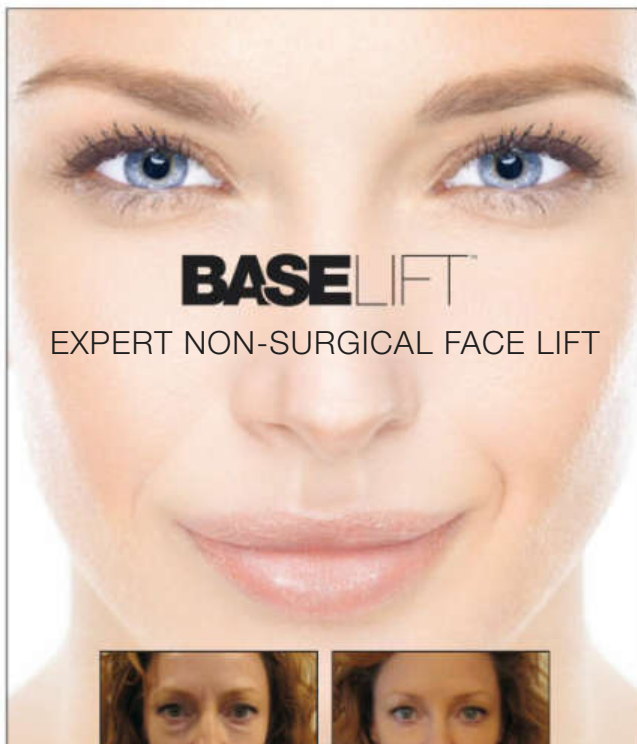


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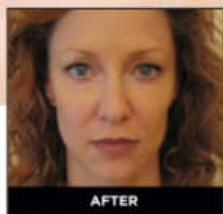
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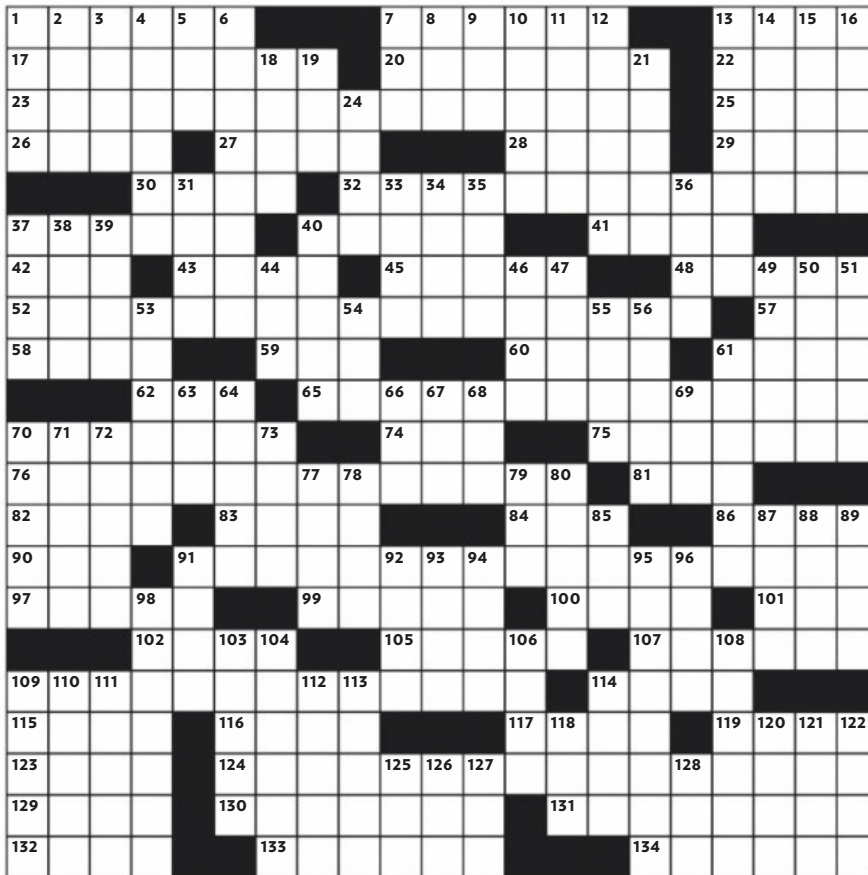
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Halloween Spirit

New York Crossword by Cathy Allis



Across

- 1 Go aboard
- 7 The Munsters' car, in part
- 13 Easy-peasy task
- 17 Roadblocks
- 20 Juice and snack-bar brand
- 22 Stow in the hold
- 23 Kind of party attended by spirits?
- 25 Low-pH stuff
- 26 Fully fill
- 27 Sassing Gramps, say
- 28 "So ____" ("Amen")
- 29 "Take ____ Train"
- 30 J. M. Barrie was one
- 32 Spirit's remark about another's antics?
- 37 Skeleton's place, idiomatically
- 40 "Quiet!"
- 41 Creepy-sounding lake
- 42 "The Twilight Zone" creator Serling
- 43 Helen of Troy's mother
- 45 Bits Bohr studied
- 48 Eww-inspiring
- 52 Spirit's reply to "You're too spooky?"
- 57 Govt. biomed. agcy.
- 58 Née, literally
- 59 Pitching whiz
- 60 Disney's "Tramp", e.g.
- 61 Exploitative sort
- 62 "As I see it", in texts
- 65 Spirit's Manhattan alma mater?
- 70 Treat for sore soles
- 74 Stock quote?
- 75 Lifted, as a sail
- 76 Spirit's corkscrew or GPS?
- 81 Vulture Zelda, to the Addams family
- 82 Bought the farm
- 83 Fast bucks?
- 84 Trauma-ctr. areas
- 86 Cornerstone abbr.
- 90 Eternally, poetically
- 91 Spirit dressed for Thanksgiving?
- 97 Sink-unclogging brand
- 99 Uppity person
- 100 Round handle
- 101 Spanish suffix for Juan
- 102 French suffix for Jean
- 105 Political alliances
- 107 Welcome customers again
- 109 Protector of spirits?
- 114 Chi-Town exchange The ____
- 115 Alitalia hub
- 116 Cuatro, doubled
- 117 Big name in plastic
- 119 One of 18 on most cats

- 123 Leave out
- 124 Awesome spirit's TV-based nickname?
- 129 Brazilian soccer legend
- 130 Fashion edge of a sort
- 131 Old equine of song
- 132 Organs in some banks
- 133 Hotel chain
- 134 Sycophant

Down

- 1 Dwindles
- 2 "Her" actress Rooney
- 3 Liverpoolian or Bathonian
- 4 "Gunsmoke" star James
- 5 Fix unfairly
- 6 Gave a convention speech, maybe
- 7 It may follow yoo
- 8 Part of P.E.L.: abbr.
- 9 Grain bristle
- 10 Bar-mitzvah officiant
- 11 Plumlike fruits
- 12 Plaza Hotel girl of kiddie lit
- 13 Spread thickly
- 14 Salsa dipping chip
- 15 Versailles goodbye
- 16 Spin in a gym
- 18 Underlying cause
- 19 Back burner?
- 21 Famed fur tycoon
- 24 Horror-film director Eli
- 31 Cooler chamber
- 33 McCarthy-era grp.
- 34 "The Thin Man" pooch
- 35 Norse thunder god
- 36 Band's bookings
- 37 Plagiarize
- 38 Batty
- 39 Dumpster emanation
- 40 Baseball's Paige, familiarly
- 44 Forensic ID
- 46 Internet ____ (viral phenomenon)
- 47 Ugly insult
- 49 Get-go
- 50 Extended attack
- 51 Tatter
- 53 Delta rival
- 54 Manatees' milieu
- 55 Imprint firmly
- 56 Lower oneself
- 61 Holmesian overcoat
- 63 Richie's dad, to Fonzie
- 64 Surpass
- 66 Thurman of "Kill Bill"
- 67 Motion to accept?
- 68 Dress (up)
- 69 One may do it in state or in wait
- 70 Gradually vanished
- 71 Basketry willow
- 72 Hangout of phantom "Erik"
- 73 "The ____" (telly co.)
- 77 Fam. members
- 78 Friendly Jack-o'-lantern feature
- 79 Mock cry of fright
- 80 Taxing hikes
- 85 1836's Battle of ____ Jacinto
- 87 Leave out
- 88 Antoinette or Corday's loss
- 89 Cannon of the film "Deathtrap"
- 91 Faddist in black, perhaps
- 92 Tribeca restaurant of Matsuhisa and De Niro
- 93 "Copacabana" showgirl
- 94 "Believe ____ not ..."
- 95 Sped off
- 96 Bane of many cabbies
- 98 Renders invalid
- 103 Vampire fang, e.g.
- 104 Stay clear of
- 106 Twice CCIII
- 108 ____ razor ("keep it simple" principle)
- 109 Figure of speech
- 110 Cozy and inviting
- 111 Author Zola
- 112 Motif
- 113 Bobby Orr's scores
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THE APPROVAL MATRIX

Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

HIGHBROW



Putin and Assad's deadly strongman **bromance**.



Philip Roth **strikes out with blonde Swedes** again.



Gennifer Flowers **blooms** again.



Quentin Tarantino **disses** Ava DuVernay's *Selma* in *T*, then admits he **never** saw it.



Liz Hurley had to be booted out of London's Victoria and Albert Museum after taking a **selfie** on a 16th-century bed.



Flutist flouts the TSA at O'Hare: Refusing to take her flute out of its case, she's almost arrested.



The plans to shore up and repurpose the **S.S. United States** are most likely sunk.



Eggheads on *Empire* at publicbooks.org.



Peter Greenaway's **mucho-sexy** *Eisenstein* in *Guanajuato* opens NewFest.



Highbrow Halloween! Alex Mar's **Witches of America** and Stacy Schiff's **The Witches**.



A Strangeness in My Mind, Orhan Pamuk's **paean to Istanbul** in the mode of Balzac.



Mamie Gummer's performance makes *Ugly Lies the Bone* pretty good.



Tony Matelli's **surreal**, hyperrealist selfie-magnet *Figure 1* at MoMA PS1's "Greater New York."

Hamilton-cast-album addiction.



Obama interviews Marilynne Robinson in the *New York Review of Books*. We're going to like this post-presidency.

A new **rich guy** buys the *Village Voice*, promising to make it great again.

DESPICABLE



The Donald Trump **sex doll**.



Taylor Swift is **No. 1 on Instagram**, credits her "cute cats" (we're allergic).



Kanye tries out on *American Idol*.



Playboy puts its **panties on**.



Little Lebowsky, RIP.



Justin Bieber's dad, Jeremy, tweeted: "@justinbieber what do you feed that thing. #prouddaddy."



Shia LaBeouf gets arrested for **drunk jaywalking** in Austin.



Lil Wayne wears **socks (but no condom)** while having sex in sex tape.

Danish zoo staff dissected a lion cub in front of **schoolkids**.

Rapper Scarface shocked to be arrested for owing **child support** after being honored at the BET Hip-Hop Awards in Atlanta.

BRILLIANT



Yoko Ono says John Lennon was a **little bit gay**.



Kiki and Herb, reunited, as part of Justin Vivian Bond's 25th "**tranniversary**" at Joe's Pub.

UT Austin students protest open-carry law by packing **dildos**.

Chakrubs, dildos made of "100 percent pure crystal" that are supposed to open your, uh, **chakras**.



The Kenzo paw clutch. **Meow!**

The NYC-Albany MTA deal means **even more** Second Avenue subway.



At least city government knows how to turn off the damn **Taxi TV**.



Welcome back, **Tracy Morgan!** Ready to get everyone pregnant.



The **crazy-good** *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend* on the CW.



The fervent **pop politicism** of *Algiers*—black-power speeches mixed with dance-pit-worthy beats.

LOWBROW



The untold true story
of the Witches of Oz

WICKED

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